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A DEED OF DARKNESS.

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The Four Georges.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, MORALS, COURT AND TOWN LIFE.

I.—GEORGE THE FIRST.



VERY few years since, I knew familiarly a lady who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole; who had been patted on the head by George I. This lady had knocked at Johnson's door; had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgina of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George III.; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the court of Queen Anne. I often thought, as I took my kind old friend's hand, how with it I held on to the old society of wits and men of the world. I could travel back for seven score years of time—have glimpses of Brummell, Selwyn, Chesterfield and the men of pleasure; of Walpole and Conway; of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith; of North,

Chatham, Newcastle; of the fair maids of honour of George II.'s court; of the German retainers of George I.'s; where Addison was secretary of

state; where Dick Steele held a place; whither the great Marlborough came with his fiery spouse; when Pope, and Swift, and Bolingbroke yet lived and wrote. Of a society so vast, busy, brilliant, it is impossible in four brief chapters to give a complete notion; but we may peep here and there into that bygone world of the Georges, see what they and their courts were like; glance at the people round about them; look at past manners, fashions, pleasures, and contrast them with our own. I have to say thus much by way of preface, because the subject of these lectures has been misunderstood, and I have been taken to task for not having given grave historical treatises, which it never was my intention to attempt. Not about battles, about politics, about statesmen and measures of state, did I ever think to lecture you: but to sketch the manners and life of the old world; to amuse for a few hours with talk about the old society; and, with the result of many a day's and night's pleasant reading, to try and wile away a few winter evenings for my hearers.

Among the German princes who sate under Luther at Wittenberg, was Duke Ernest of Celle, whose younger son, William of Lüneburg, was the progenitor of the illustrious Hanoverian house at present reigning in Great Britain. Duke William held his court at Celle, a little town of ten thousand people that lies on the railway line between Hamburg and Hanover, in the midst of great plains of sand, upon the river Aller. When Duke William had it, it was a very humble wood-built place, with a great brick church, which he sedulously frequented, and in which he and others of his house lie buried. He was a very religious lord, and called William the Pious by his small circle of subjects, over whom he ruled till fate deprived him both of sight and reason. Sometimes, in his latter days, the good duke had glimpses of mental light, when he would bid his musicians play the psalm-tunes which he loved. One thinks of a descendant of his, two hundred years afterwards, blind, old, and lost of wits, singing Handel in Windsor Tower.

William the Pious had fifteen children, eight daughters, and seven sons, who, as the property left among them was small, drew lots to determine which one of them should marry, and continue the stout race of the Guelphs. The lot fell on Duke George, the sixth brother. The others remained single, or contracted left-handed marriages after the princely fashion of those days. It is a queer picture—that of the old prince dying in his little wood-built capital, and his seven sons tossing up which should inherit and transmit the crown of Brentford. Duke George, the lucky prize-man, made the tour of Europe, during which he visited the court of Queen Elizabeth; and in the year 1617, came back and settled at Zell, with a wife out of Darmstadt. His remaining brothers all kept their house at Zell, for economy's sake. And presently, in due course, they all died—all the honest dukes; Ernest, and Christian, and Augustus, and Magnus, and George, and John—and they are buried in the brick church of Brentford yonder, by the sandy banks of the Aller.

Dr. Vehse gives a pleasant glimpse of the way of life of our dukes in Zell. "When the trumpeter on the tower has blown," Duke Christian orders—viz. at nine o'clock in the morning, and four in the evening, every one must be present at meals, and those who are not must go without. None of the servants, unless it be a knave who has been ordered to ride out, shall eat or drink in the kitchen or cellar; or, without special leave, fodder his horses at the prince's cost. When the meal is served in the court-room, a page shall go round and bid every one be quiet and orderly, forbidding all cursing, swearing, and rudeness; all throwing about of bread, bones, or roast, or pocketing of the same. Every morning, at seven, the squires shall have their morning soup, along with which, and dinner, they shall be served with their under-drink—every morning except Friday morning, when there was sermon, and no drink. Every evening they shall have their beer, and at night their sleep-drink. The butler is especially warned not to allow noble or simple to go into the cellar: wine shall only be served at the prince's or councillor's table; and every Monday, the honest old Duke Christian ordains the accounts shall be ready, and the expenses in the kitchen, the wine and beer cellar, the bakehouse and stable, made out.

Duke George, the marrying duke, did not stop at home to partake of the beer and wine, and the sermons. He went about fighting wherever there was profit to be had. He served as general in the army of the circle of Lower Saxony, the Protestant army; then he went over to the emperor, and fought in his armies in Germany and Italy: and when Gustavus Adolphus appeared in Germany, George took service as a Swedish general, and seized the Abbey of Hildesheim as his share of the plunder. Here, in the year 1641, Duke George died, leaving four sons behind him, from the youngest of whom descend our royal Georges.

Under these children of Duke George, the old God-fearing, simple ways of Zell appear to have gone out of mode. The second brother was constantly visiting Venice, and leading a jolly, wicked life there. It was the most jovial of all places at the end of the seventeenth century; and military men, after a campaign, rushed thither, as the warriors of the Allies rushed to Paris in 1814, to gamble, and rejoice, and partake of all sorts of godless delights. This prince, then, loving Venice and its pleasures, brought Italian singers and dancers back with him to quiet old Zell; and, worse still, demeaned himself by marrying a French lady of birth quite inferior to his own—Eleanor D'Olbreuse, from whom our queen is descended. Eleanor had a pretty daughter, who inherited a great fortune, which inflamed her cousin, George Louis of Hanover, with a desire to marry her; and so, with her beauty and her riches, she came to a sad end.

It is too long to tell how the four sons of Duke George divided his territories amongst them, and how, finally, they came into possession of the son of the youngest of the four. In this generation the Protestant faith was very nearly extinguished in the family: and then where should

we in England have gone for a king? The third brother also took delight in Italy, where the priests converted him and his Protestant chaplain too. Mass was said in Hanover once more; and Italian sopranos piped their Latin rhymes in place of the hymns which William the Pious and Dr. Luther sang. Louis XIV. gave this and other converts a splendid pension. Crowds of Frenchmen and brilliant French fashions came into his court. It is incalculable how much that royal bigwig cost Germany. Every prince imitated the French king, and had his Versailles, his Wilhelmshöhe or Ludwigslust; his court and its splendours; his gardens laid out with statues; his fountains, and water-works, and Tritons; his actors, and dancers, and singers, and fiddlers; his harem, with its inhabitants; his diamonds and duchies for these latter; his enormous festivities, his gaming-tables, tournaments, masquerades, and banquets lasting a week long, for which the people paid with their money, when the poor wretches had it; with their bodies and very blood when they had none; being sold in thousands by their lords and masters, who gaily dealt in soldiers, staked a regiment upon the red at the gambling-table; swapped a battalion against a dancing-girl's diamond necklace; and, as it were, pocketed their people.

As one views Europe, through contemporary books of travel in the early part of the last century, the landscape is awful—wretched wastes, beggarly and plundered; half-burned cottages and trembling peasants gathering piteous harvests; gangs of such tramping along with bayonets behind them, and corporals with canes and cats-of-nine-tails to flog them to barracks. By these passes my lord's gilt carriage floundering through the ruts, as he swears at the postilions, and toils on to the Residenz. Hard by, but away from the noise and brawling of the citizens and buyers, is Wilhelmshöhe or Ludwigsruhe, or Monbijou, or Versailles—it scarcely matters which,—near to the city, shut out by woods from the beggared country, the enormous, hideous, gilded, monstrous marble palace, where the prince is, and the Court, and the trim gardens, and huge fountains, and the forest where the ragged peasants are beating the game in (it is death to them to touch a feather); and the jolly hunt sweeps by with its uniform of crimson and gold; and the prince gallops ahead puffing his royal horn; and his lords and mistresses ride after him; and the stag is pulled down; and the grand huntsman gives the knife in the midst of a chorus of bugles; and 'tis time the Court go home to dinner; and our noble traveller, it may be the Baron of Pölnitz, or the Count de Königsmarck, or the excellent Chevalier de Seingalt, sees the procession gleaming through the trim avenues of the wood, and hastens to the inn, and sends his noble name to the marshal of the Court. Then our nobleman arrays himself in green and gold, or pink and silver, in the richest Paris mode, and is introduced by the chamberlain, and makes his bow to the jolly prince, and the gracious princess; and is presented to the chief lords and ladies, and then comes supper and a bank at Faro, where he loses or wins a thousand pieces by daylight. If it is a German court, you may add not a little drunkenness to this picture of

high life; but German, or French, or Spanish, if you can see out of your palace-windows beyond the trim-cut forest vistas, misery is lying outside; hunger is stalking about the bare villages, listlessly following precarious husbandry; ploughing stony fields with starved cattle; or fearfully taking in scanty harvests. Augustus is fat and jolly on his throne; he can knock down an ox, and eat one almost; his mistress Aurora von Königs-marck is the loveliest, the wittiest creature; his diamonds are the biggest and most brilliant in the world, and his feasts as splendid as those of Versailles. As for Louis the Great, he is more than mortal. Lift up your glances respectfully, and mark him eyeing Madame de Fontanges or Madame de Montespan from under his sublime periwig, as he passes through the great gallery where Villars and Vendome, and Berwick, and Bossuet, and Massillon are waiting. Can Court be more splendid; nobles and knights more gallant and superb; ladies more lovely? A grander monarch, or a more miserable starved wretch than the peasant his subject, you cannot look on. Let us bear both these types in mind, if we wish to estimate the old society properly. Remember the glory and the chivalry? Yes! Remember the grace and beauty, the splendour and lofty politeness; the gallant courtesy of Fontenoy, where the French line bids the gentlemen of the English guard to fire first; the noble constancy of the old king and Villars his general, who fits out the last army with the last crown-piece from the treasury, and goes to meet the enemy and die or conquer for France at Denain. But round all that royal splendour lies a nation enslaved and ruined; there are people robbed of their rights—communities laid waste—faith, justice, commerce trampled upon, and well-nigh destroyed—nay, in the very centre of royalty itself, what horrible stains and meanness, crime and shame! It is but to a silly harlot that some of the noblest gentlemen, and some of the proudest women in the world are bowing down; it is the price of a miserable province that the king ties in diamonds round his mistress's white neck. In the first half of the last century, I say, this is going on all Europe over. Saxony is a waste as well as Picardy or Artois; and Versailles is only larger and not worse than Herrenhausen.

It was the first Elector of Hanover who made the fortunate match which bestowed the race of Hanoverian Sovereigns upon us Britons. Nine years after Charles Stuart lost his head, his niece Sophia, one of many children of another luckless dethroned sovereign, the Elector Palatine, married Ernest Augustus of Brunswick, and brought the reversion to the crown of the three kingdoms in her scanty trousseau. One of the handsomest, the most cheerful, sensible, shrewd, accomplished of women, was Sophia, daughter of poor Frederick, the winter king of Bohemia. The other daughters of lovely, unhappy Elizabeth Stuart went off into the Catholic Church; this one, luckily for her family, remained, I cannot say faithful to the Reformed Religion, but at least she adopted no other. An agent of the French king's, Gourville, a convert himself, strove to bring her and her husband to a sense of the truth; and tells us that he one day asked Madame the Duchess of Hanover, of what religion her daughter was,

then a pretty girl of 13 years old. The duchess replied that the princess *was of no religion as yet*. They were waiting to know of what religion her husband would be, Protestant or Catholic, before instructing her! And the Duke of Hanover having heard all Gourville's proposal, said that a change would be advantageous to his house, but that he himself was too old to change.



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This shrewd woman had such keen eyes that she knew how to shut them upon occasion, and was blind to many faults which it appeared that her husband the Bishop of Osnaburg and Duke of Hanover committed. He loved to take his pleasure like other sovereigns—was a merry prince, fond of dinner and the bottle; liked to go to Italy, as his brothers had done before him; and we read how he jovially sold 6,700 of his Hanoverians to the signiory of Venice. They went bravely off to the Morea, under command of Ernest's son, Prince Max, and only 1,400 of them ever came home again. The German princes sold a good deal of this kind of stock. You may remember how George III.'s Government purchased Hessians, and the use we made of them during the War of Independence.

The ducats Duke Ernest got for his soldiers he spent in a series of the most brilliant entertainments. Nevertheless, the jovial prince was economical, and kept a steady eye upon his own interests. He achieved the electoral dignity for himself; he married his eldest son George to his beautiful cousin of Zell; and sending his sons out in command of armies

[*] From contemporary prints of the Princess Sophia, before her marriage, and in her old age. The initial letter is from an old Dutch print of Herrenhausen.

to fight—now on this side, now on that—he lived on, taking his pleasure, and scheming his schemes, a merry, wise prince enough, not, I fear, a moral prince, of which kind we shall have but very few specimens in the course of these lectures.

Ernest Augustus had seven children in all, some of whom were scapegraces, and rebelled against the parental system of primogeniture and non-division of property which the elector ordained. “Gustchen,” the electress writes about her second son:—“Poor Gus is thrust out, and his father will give him no more keep. I laugh in the day, and cry all night about it; for I am a fool with my children.” Three of the six died fighting against Turks, Tartars, Frenchmen. One of them conspired, revolted, fled to Rome, leaving an agent behind him, whose head was taken off. The daughter, of whose early education we have made mention, was married to the Elector of Brandenburg, and so her religion settled finally on the Protestant side.

A niece of the Electress Sophia—who had been made to change her religion, and marry the Duke of Orleans, brother of the French King; a woman whose honest heart was always with her friends and dear old Deutschland, though her fat little body was confined at Paris, or Marly, or Versailles—has left us, in her enormous correspondence (part of which has been printed in German and French) recollections of the Electress, and of George her son. Elizabeth Charlotte was at Osnaburg when George was born (1660). She narrowly escaped a whipping for being in the way on that auspicious day. She seems not to have liked little George, nor George grown up; and represents him as odiously hard, cold, and silent. Silent he may have been: not a jolly prince like his father before him, but a prudent, quiet, selfish potentate, going his own way, managing his own affairs, and understanding his own interests remarkably well.

In his father's lifetime, and at the head of the Hanover forces of 8,000 or 10,000 men, George served the Emperor, on the Danube against Turks, at the siege of Vienna, in Italy, and on the Rhine. When he succeeded to the Electorate, he handled its affairs with great prudence and dexterity. He was very much liked by his people of Hanover. He did not show his feelings much, but he cried heartily on leaving them; as they used for joy when he came back. He showed an uncommon prudence and coolness of behaviour when he came into his kingdom; exhibiting no elation; reasonably doubtful whether he should not be turned out some day; looking upon himself only as a lodger, and making the most of his brief tenure of St. James's and Hampton Court; plundering, it is true, somewhat, and dividing amongst his German followers;—but what could be expected of a sovereign who at home could sell his subjects at so many ducats per head, and made no scruple in so disposing of them? I fancy a considerable shrewdness, prudence, and even moderation in his ways. The German Protestant was a cheaper, and better, and kinder king than the Catholic Stuart in whose chair he sat, and so far loyal to England, that he let England govern herself.

Having these lectures in view I made it my business to visit that ugly cradle in which our Georges were nursed. The old town of Hanover must look still pretty much as in the time when George Louis left it. The gardens and pavilions of Herrenhausen are scarce changed since the day when the stout old Electress Sophia fell down in her last walk there, preceding but by a few weeks to the tomb James II.'s daughter, whose death made way for the Brunswick Stuarts in England.

The two first royal Georges, and their father, Ernest Augustus, had quite royal notions regarding marriage; and Louis XIV. and Charles II. scarce distinguished themselves more at Versailles or St. James's, than these German sultans in their little city on the banks of the Leine. You may see at Herrenhausen the very rustic theatre in which the Platens danced and performed masques, and sang before the Elector and his sons. There are the very fauns and dryads of stone still glimmering through the branches, still grinning and piping their ditties of no tone, as in the days when painted nymphs hung garlands round them; appeared under their leafy arcades with gilt crooks, guiding rams with gilt horns; descended from "machines" in the guise of Diana or Minerva; and delivered immense allegorical compliments to the princes returned home from the campaign.

That was a curious state of morals and politics in Europe; a queer consequence of the triumph of the monarchical principle. Feudalism was beaten down. The nobility, in its quarrels with the crown, had pretty well succumbed, and the monarch was all in all. He became almost divine: the proudest and most ancient gentry of the land did menial service for him. Who should carry Louis XIV.'s candle when he went to bed? what prince of the blood should hold the king's shirt when his Most Christian Majesty changed that garment?—the French memoirs of the seventeenth century are full of such details and squabbles. The tradition is not yet extinct in Europe. Any of you who were present, as myriads were, at that splendid pageant, the opening of our Crystal Palace in London, must have seen two noble lords, great officers of the household, with ancient pedigrees, with embroidered coats, and stars on their breasts and wands in their hands, walking backwards for near the space of a mile, while the royal procession made its progress. Shall we wonder—shall we be angry—shall we laugh at these old-world ceremonies? View them as you will, according to your mood; and with scorn or with respect, or with anger and sorrow, as your temper leads you. Up goes Gealer's hat upon the pole. Salute that symbol of sovereignty with heartfelt awe; or with a sulky shrug of acquiescence, or with a grinning obeisance; or with a stout rebellious No—clap your own beaver down on your pate, and refuse to doff it, to that spangled velvet and flaunting feather. I make no comment upon the spectators' behaviour; all I say is, that Gealer's cap is still up in the market-place of Europe, and not a few folks are still kneeling to it.

Put clumsy, high Dutch statues in place of the marbles of Versailles: fancy Herrenhausen waterworks in place of those of Marly: spread the

tables with Schweinskopf, Specksuppe, Leber kuchen, and the like delicacies, in place of the French *cuisine*; and fancy Frau von Kielmansegge dancing with Count Kammerjunker Quirini, or singing French songs with the most awful German accent: imagine a coarse Versailles, and we have a Hanover before us. "I am now got into the region of beauty," writes Mary Wortley, from Hanover in 1716; "all the women have literally rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and necks, jet eyebrows, to which may generally be added coal-black hair. These perfections never leave them to the day of their death, and have a very fine effect by candle-light; but I could wish they were handsome with a little variety. They resemble one another as Mrs. Salmon's Court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away by too nearly approaching the fire." The sly Mary Wortley saw this painted seraglio of the first George at Hanover, the year after his accession to the British throne. There were great doings and feasts there. Here Lady Mary saw George II. too. "I can tell you, without flattery or partiality," she says, "that our young prince has all the accomplishments that it is possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and a something so very engaging in his behaviour that needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming." I find elsewhere similar panegyrics upon Frederick Prince of Wales, George II.'s son; and upon George III., of course, and upon George IV. in an eminent degree. It was the rule to be dazzled by princes, and people's eyes winked quite honestly at that royal radiance.

The Electoral Court of Hanover was numerous—pretty well paid, as times went; above all, paid with a regularity which few other European courts could boast of. Perhaps you will be amused to know how the Electoral Court was composed. There were the princes of the house in the first class; in the second, the single field-marshal of the army (the contingent was 18,000, Pöllnitz says, and the Elector had other 14,000 troops in his pay). Then follow, in due order, the authorities civil and military, the working privy councillors, the generals of cavalry and infantry, in the third class; the high chamberlain, high marshals of the court, high masters of the horse, the major-generals of cavalry and infantry, in the fourth class, down to the majors, the Hofjunktors or pages, the secretaries or assessors, of the tenth class, of whom all were noble.

We find the master of the horse had 1,090 thalers of pay; the high chamberlain, 2,000—a thaler being about three shillings of our money. There were two chamberlains, and one for the princess; five gentlemen of the chamber, and five gentlemen ushers; eleven pages and personages to educate these young noblemen—such as a governor, a preceptor, a fecht-meister, or fencing master, and a dancing ditto, this latter with a handsome salary of 400 thalers. There were three body and court physicians, with 800 and 500 thalers; a court barber, 600 thalers; a court organist; two musikanten; four French fiddlers; twelve trumpeters, and a bugler; so that there was plenty of music, profane and pious, in Hanover. There were ten chamber waiters, and twenty-four lacqueys in

livery; a *maitre-d'hôtel*, and attendants of the kitchen; a French cook; a body cook; ten cooks; six cooks' assistants; two Braten masters, or masters of the roast—one fancies enormous spits turning slowly, and the honest masters of the roast beladling the dripping); a pastry baker; a pie baker; and finally, three scullions, at the modest remuneration of eleven thalers. In the sugar-chamber there were four pastrycooks (for the ladies, no doubt); seven officers in the wine and beer cellars; four bread bakers; and five men in the plate-room. There were 600 horses in the Serene stables—no less than twenty teams of princely carriage horses, eight to a team; sixteen coachmen; fourteen postillions; nineteen ostlers; thirteen helps, besides smiths, carriage-masters, horse-doctors, and other attendants of the stable. The female attendants were not so numerous: I grieve to find but a dozen or fourteen of them about the Electoral premises, and only two washerwomen for all the Court. These functionaries had not so much to do as in the present age. I own to finding a pleasure in these small beer chronicles. I like to people the old world, with its everyday figures and inhabitants—not so much with heroes fighting immense battles and inspiring repulsed battalions to engage; or statesmen locked up in darkling cabinets and meditating ponderous laws or dire conspiracies; as with people occupied with their everyday work or pleasure;—my lord and lady hunting in the forest, or dancing in the Court, or bowing to their serene highnesses as they pass in to dinner; John Cook and his procession bringing the meal from the kitchen; the jolly butlers bearing in the flagons from the cellar; the stout coachman driving the ponderous gilt waggon, with eight cream-coloured horses in housings of scarlet velvet and morocco leather; a postillion on the leaders, and a pair or a half-dozen of running footmen scudding along by the side of the vehicle, with conical caps, long silver-headed maces, which they poised as they ran, and splendid jackets laced all over with silver and gold. I fancy the citizens' wives and their daughters looking out from the balconies; and the burghers, over their beer and mumm, rising up, cap in hand, as the cavalcade passes through the town with torch-bearers, trumpeters blowing their lusty cheeks out, and squadrons of jack-booted lifeguardsmen, girt with shining cuirasses, and bestriding thundering chargers, escorting his highness's coach from Hanover to Herrenhausen; or halting, mayhap, at Madame Platen's country house of Monplaisir, which lies half-way between the summer palace and the Residenz.

In the good old times of which I am treating, whilst common men were driven off by herds, and sold to fight the emperor's enemies on the Danube, or to bayonet King Louis's troops of common men on the Rhine, noble-men passed from court to court, seeking service with one prince or the other, and naturally taking command of the ignoble vulgar of soldiery which battled and died almost without hope of promotion. Noble adventurers travelled from court to court in search of employment; not merely noble males, but noble females too; and if these latter were beauties, and obtained the favourable notice of princes, they stopped in the courts,

became the favourites of their Serene or Royal Highnesses; and received great sums of money and splendid diamonds; and were promoted to be duchesses, marchionesses and the like; and did not fall much in public esteem for the manner in which they won their advancement. In this way Mlle. de Querouailles, a beautiful French lady, came to London on a special mission of Louis XIV., and was adopted by our grateful country and sovereign, and figured as Duchess of Portsmouth. In this way the beautiful Aurora of Königsmarck travelling about found favour in the eyes of Augustus of Saxony, and became the mother of Marshal Saxe, who gave us a beating at Fontenoy; and in this manner the lovely sisters Elizabeth and Melusina of Meissenbach (who had actually been driven out of Paris, whither they had travelled on a like errand, by the wise jealousy of the female favourite there in possession) journeyed to Hanover, and became favourites of the serene house there reigning.

That beautiful Aurora von Königsmarck and her brother are wonderful as types of bygone manners, and strange illustrations of the morals of old days. The Königsmarcks were descended from an ancient noble family of Brandenburg, a branch of which passed into Sweden, where it enriched itself and produced several mighty men of valour.

The founder of the race was Hans Christof, a famous warrior and plunderer of the thirty years' war. One of Hans's sons, Otto, appeared as ambassador at the court of Louis XIV., and had to make a Swedish speech at his reception before the Most Christian King. Otto was a famous dandy and warrior, but he forgot the speech, and what do you think he did? Far from being disconcerted, he recited a portion of the Swedish Catechism to His Most Christian Majesty and his court, not one of whom understood his lingo with the exception of his own suite, who had to keep their gravity as best they might.

Otto's nephew, Aurora's elder brother, Carl Johann of Königsmarck, a favourite of Charles II., a beauty, a dandy, a warrior, a rascal of more than ordinary mark, escaped but deserved being hanged in England for the murder of Tom Thynne of Longleat. He had a little brother in London with him at this time:—as great a beauty, as great a dandy, as great a villain as his elder. This lad, Philip of Königsmarck, also was implicated in the affair; and perhaps it is a pity he ever brought his pretty neck out of it. He went over to Hanover, and was soon appointed colonel of a regiment of H.E. Highness's dragoons. In early life he had been page in the court of Celle; and it was said that he and the pretty Princess Sophia Dorothea, who by this time was married to her cousin George the Electoral prince, had been in love with each other as children. Their loves were now to be renewed, not innocently, and to come to a fearful end.

A biography of the wife of George I., by Dr. Doran, has lately appeared, and I confess I am astounded at the verdict which that writer has delivered, and at his acquittal of this most unfortunate lady. That she had a cold selfish libertine of a husband no one can doubt; but that the bad husband had a bad wife is equally clear. She was married to her

cousin for money or convenience, as all princesses were married. She was most beautiful, lively, witty, accomplished: his brutality outraged her: his silence and coldness chilled her: his cruelty insulted her. No wonder she did not love him. How could love be a part of the compact in such a marriage as that? With this unlucky heart to dispose of, the poor creature bestowed it on Philip of Königsmarck, than whom a greater scamp does not walk the history of the seventeenth century. A hundred and eighty years after the fellow was thrust into his unknown grave, a Swedish professor lights upon a box of letters in the University Library at Upsala, written by Philip and Dorothea to each other, and telling their miserable story.

The bewitching Königsmarck had conquered two female hearts in Hanover. Besides the Electoral prince's lovely young wife Sophia Dorothea, Philip had inspired a passion in a hideous old court lady, the Countess of Platen. The princess seems to have pursued him with the fidelity of many years. Heaps of letters followed him on his campaigns, and were answered by the daring adventurer. The princess wanted to fly with him; to quit her odious husband at any rate. She besought her parents to receive her back; had a notion of taking refuge in France and going over to the Catholic religion; had absolutely packed her jewels for flight, and very likely arranged its details with her lover, in that last long night's interview, after which Philip of Königsmarck was seen no more.

Königsmarck, inflamed with drink—there is scarcely any vice of which, according to his own showing, this gentleman was not a practitioner—had boasted at a supper at Dresden of his intimacy with the two Hanoverian ladies, not only with the princess, but with another lady powerful in Hanover. The Countess Platen, the old favourite of the Elector, hated the young Electoral Princess. The young lady had a lively wit, and constantly made fun of the old one. The princess's jokes were conveyed to the old Platen just as our idle words are carried about at this present day: and so they both hated each other.

The characters in the tragedy, of which the curtain was now about to fall, are about as dark a set as eye ever rested on. There is the jolly prince, shrewd, selfish, scheming, loving his cups and his ease (I think his good-humour makes the tragedy but darker); his princess, who speaks little, but observes all; his old, painted Jezebel of a mistress; his son, the electoral prince, shrewd too, quiet, selfish, not ill-humoured, and generally silent, except when goaded into fury by the intolerable tongue of his lovely wife; there is poor Sophia Dorothea, with her coquetry and her wrongs, and her passionate attachment to her scamp of a lover, and her wild imprudences, and her mad artifices, and her insane fidelity, and her furious jealousy regarding her husband (though she loathed and cheated him), and her prodigious falsehoods; and the confidante, of course, into whose hands the letters are slipped; and there is Lothario, finally, than whom, as I have said, one can't imagine a more handsome, wicked, worthless reprobate.

How that perverse fidelity of passion pursues the villain! How madly true the woman is, and how astoundingly she lies! She has bewitched two or three persons who have taken her up, and they won't believe in her wrong. Like Mary of Scotland, she finds adherents ready to conspire for her even in history, and people who have to deal with her are charmed, and fascinated, and bedevilled. How devotedly Miss Strickland has stood by Mary's innocence! Are there not scores of ladies in this audience who persist in it too? Innocent! I remember as a boy how a great party persisted in declaring Caroline of Brunswick was a martyred angel. So was Helen of Greece innocent. She never ran away with Paris, the dangerous young Trojan. Menelaus her husband illused her; and there never was any siege of Troy at all. So was Bluebeard's wife innocent. She never peeped into the closet where the other wives were with their heads off. She never dropped the key, or stained it with blood; and her brothers were quite right in finishing Bluebeard, the cowardly brute! Yes, Caroline of Brunswick was innocent; and Madame Laffarge never poisoned her husband; and Mary of Scotland never blew up her's; and poor Sophia Dorothea was never unfaithful; and Eve never took the apple—it was a cowardly fabrication of the serpent's.

George Louis has been held up to execration as a murderous Bluebeard, whereas the Electoral Prince had no share in the transaction in which Philip of Königsmarck was scuffled out of this mortal scene. The prince was absent when the catastrophe came. The princess had had a hundred warnings; mild hints from her husband's parents; grim remonstrances from himself—but took no more heed of this advice than such besotted poor wretches do. On the night of Sunday, the 1st of July, 1694, Königsmarck paid a long visit to the princess, and left her to get ready for flight. Her husband was away at Berlin; her carriages and horses were prepared and ready for the elopement. Meanwhile, the spies of Countess Platen had brought the news to their mistress. She went to Ernest Augustus, and procured from the Elector an order for the arrest of the Swede. On the way by which he was to come, four guards were commissioned to take him. He strove to cut his way through the four men, and wounded more than one of them. They fell upon him; cut him down; and, as he was lying wounded on the ground, the countess, his enemy, whom he had betrayed and insulted, came out and beheld him prostrate. He cursed her with his dying lips, and the furious woman stamped upon his mouth with her heel. He was dispatched presently; his body burnt the next day; and all traces of the man disappeared. The guards who killed him were enjoined silence under severe penalties. The princess was reported to be ill in her apartments, from which she was taken in October of the same year, being then eight-and-twenty years old, and consigned to the castle of Ahlden, where she remained a prisoner for no less than thirty-two years. A separation had been pronounced previously between her and her husband. She was called henceforth the "Princess of Ahlden," and her silent husband no more uttered her name.

Four years after the Königsmarck catastrophe, Ernest Augustus, the first Elector of Hanover, died, and George Louis, his son, reigned in his stead. Sixteen years he reigned in Hanover, after which he became, as we know, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. The wicked old Countess Platen died in the year 1706. She had lost her sight, but nevertheless the legend says that she constantly saw Königsmarck's ghost by her wicked old bed. And so there was an end of her.

In the year 1700, the little Duke of Gloucester, the last of poor Queen Anne's children, died, and the folks of Hanover straightway became of prodigious importance in England. The Electress Sophia was declared the next in succession to the English throne. George Louis was created Duke of Cambridge; grand deputations were sent over from our country to Deutschland; but Queen Anne, whose weak heart hankered after her relatives at St. Germain, never could be got to allow her cousin, the Elector Duke of Cambridge, to come and pay his respects to her Majesty, and take his seat in her House of Peers. Had the queen lasted a month longer; had the English Tories been as bold and resolute as they were clever and crafty; had the prince whom the nation loved and pitied been equal to his fortune, George Louis had never talked German in St. James's Chapel Royal.

When the crown did come to George Louis he was in no hurry about putting it on. He waited at home for awhile; took an affecting farewell of his dear Hanover and Herrenhausen; and set out in the most leisurely manner to ascend "the throne of his ancestors," as he called it in his first speech to Parliament. He brought with him a compact body of Germans, whose society he loved, and whom he kept round the royal person. He had his faithful German chamberlains; his German secretaries; his negroes, captives of his bow and spear in Turkish wars; his two ugly, elderly German favourites, Mesdames of Kielmansegge and Schulenberg, whom he created respectively Countess of Darlington and Duchess of Kendal. The duchess was tall, and lean of stature, and hence was irreverently nicknamed the Maypole. The countess was a large-sized noblewoman, and this elevated personage was denominated the Elephant. Both of these ladies loved Hanover and its delights; clung round the linden-trees of the great Herrenhausen avenue, and at first would not quit the place. Schulenberg, in fact, could not come on account of her debts; but finding the Maypole would not come, the Elephant packed up her trunk and slipped out of Hanover unwieldily as she was. On this the Maypole straightway put herself in motion, and followed her beloved George Louis. One seems to be speaking of Captain Macheath, and Polly, and Lucy. The king we had selected; the courtiers who came in his train; the English nobles who came to welcome him, and on many of whom the shrewd old cynic turned his back—I protest it is a wonderful satirical picture. I am a citizen waiting at Greenwich pier, say, and crying hurrah for King George; and yet I can scarcely keep my countenance, and help laughing at the enormous absurdity of this advent!

Here we are, all on our knees. Here is the Archbishop of Canterbury prostrating himself to the head of his church, with Kielmansegge and Schulenberg with their ruddled cheeks grinning behind the defender of the faith. Here is my Lord Duke of Marlborough kneeling too, the greatest warrior of all times; he who betrayed King William—betrayed King James II.—betrayed Queen Anne—betrayed England to the French, the Elector to the Pretender, the Pretender to the Elector; and here are my Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, the latter of whom has just tripped up the heels of the former; and if a month's more time had been allowed him, would have had King James at Westminster. The great Whig gentlemen made their bows and congées with proper decorum and ceremony; but yonder keen old schemer knows the value of their loyalty. "Loyalty," he must think, "as applied to me—it is absurd! There are fifty nearer heirs to the throne than I am. I am but an accident, and you fine Whig gentlemen take me for your own sake, not for mine. You Tories hate me; you archbishop, smirking on your knees, and prating about Heaven, you know I don't care a fig for your Thirty-nine Articles, and can't understand a word of your stupid sermons. You, my Lords Bolingbroke and Oxford—you know you were conspiring against me a month ago; and you my Lord Duke of Marlborough—you would sell me or any man else, if you found your advantage in it. Come, my good Melusina, come, my honest Sophia, let us go into my private room, and have some oysters and some Rhine wine, and some pipes afterwards: let us make the best of our situation; let us take what we can get, and leave these bawling, bawling, lying English to shout, and fight, and cheat, in their own way!"

If Swift had not been committed to the statesmen of the losing side, what a fine satirical picture we might have had of that general *saute qui peut* amongst the Tory party! How mum the Tories became; how the House of Lords and House of Commons chopped round; and how decorously the majorities welcomed King George!

Bolingbroke, making his last speech in the House of Lords, pointed out the shame of peerage, where several lords concurred to condemn in one general vote all that they had approved in former parliaments by many particular resolutions. And so their conduct was shameful. St. John had the best of the argument, but the worst of the vote. Bad times were come for him. He talked philosophy, and professed innocence. He courted retirement, and was ready to meet persecution; but, hearing that honest Mat Prior, who had been recalled from Paris, was about to peach regarding the past transactions, the philosopher bolted, and took that magnificent head of his out of the ugly reach of the axe. Oxford, the lazy and good-humoured, had more courage, and awaited the storm at home. He and Mat Prior both had lodgings in the Tower, and both brought their heads safe out of that dangerous menagerie. When Atterbury was carried off to the same den, a few years afterwards, and it was asked, what next should be done with him? "Done with him? Fling

him to the lions," Cadogan said, Marlborough's lieutenant. But the British lion of those days did not care much for drinking the blood of peaceful peers and poets, or crunching the bones of bishops. Only four men were executed in London for the rebellion of 1715; and twenty-two in Lancashire. Above a thousand taken in arms, submitted to the king's mercy, and petitioned to be transported to his majesty's colonies in America. I have heard that their descendants took the loyalist side in the disputes which arose sixty years after. It is pleasant to find that a friend of ours, worthy Dick Steele, was for letting off the rebels with their lives.

As one thinks of what might have been, how amusing the speculation is! We know how the doomed Scottish gentlemen came out at Lord Mar's summons, mounted the white cockade, that has been a flower of sad poetry ever since, and rallied round the ill-omened Stuart standard at Braemar. Mar, with 8,000 men, and but 1,500 opposed to him, might have driven the enemy over the Tweed, and taken possession of the whole of Scotland; but that the Pretender's duke did not venture to move when the day was his own. Edinburgh castle might have been in King James's hands; but that the men who were to escalade it stayed to drink his health at the tavern, and arrived two hours too late at the rendezvous under the castle wall. There was sympathy enough in the town—the projected attack seems to have been known there—Lord Mahon quotes Sinclair's account of a gentleman not concerned, who told Sinclair, that he was in a house that evening where eighteen of them were drinking, as the facetious landlady said, "powdering their hair," for the attack of the castle. Suppose they had not stopped to powder their hair? Edinburgh Castle, and town, and all Scotland were King James's. The north of England rises, and marches over Barnet Heath upon London. Wyndham is up in Somersetshire; Packington in Worcestershire; and Vivian in Cornwall. The Elector of Hanover, and his hideous mistresses, pack up the plate, and perhaps the crown jewels in London, and are off *via* Harwich and Helvoetals, for dear old Deutschland. The king—God save him!—lands at Dover, with tumultuous applause; shouting multitudes, roaring cannon, the Duke of Marlborough weeping tears of joy, and all the bishops kneeling in the mud. In a few years, mass is said in St. Paul's; matins and vespers are sung in York Minster; and Dr. Swift is turned out of his stall and deanery house at St. Patrick's, to give place to Father Dominic, from Salamanca. All these changes were possible then, and once thirty years afterwards—all this we might have had, but for the *pulveris exigui jactu*, that little toss of powder for the hair which the Scotch conspirators stopped to take at the tavern.

You understand the distinction I would draw between history—of which I do not aspire to be an expounder—and manners and life such as these sketches would describe. The rebellion breaks out in the north; its story is before you in a hundred volumes, in none more fairly than in the excellent narrative of Lord Mahon. The clans are up in Scotland; Derwentwater, Nithisdale and Forster are in arms in Northumberland—

these are matters of history, for which you are referred to the due chroniclers. The Guards are set to watch the streets, and prevent the people wearing white roses. I read presently of a couple of soldiers almost flogged to death for wearing oakboughs in their hats on the 29th of May—another badge of the beloved Stuarts. It is with these we have to do, rather than with the marches and battles of the armies to which the poor fellows belonged—with statesmen, and how they looked, and how they lived, rather than with measures of State, which belong to history alone. For example, at the close of the old queen's reign, it is known the Duke of Marlborough left the kingdom—after what menaces, after what prayers, lies, bribes offered, taken, refused, accepted; after what dark doubling and tacking, let history, if she can or dare, say. The queen dead; who so eager to return as my lord duke? Who shouts God save the king! so lustily as the great conqueror of Blenheim and Malplaquet? (By the way, he will send over some more money for the Pretender yet, on the sly.) Who lays his hand on his blue ribbon, and lifts his eyes more gracefully to heaven than this hero? He makes a quasi-triumphal entrance into London, by Temple Bar, in his enormous gilt coach—and the enormous gilt coach breaks down somewhere by Chancery Lane, and his highness is obliged to get another. There it is we have him. We are with the mob in the crowd, not with the great folks in the procession. We are not the Historic Muse, but her ladyship's attendant, tale-bearer—*valet de chambre*—for whom no man is a hero; and, as yonder one steps from his carriage to the next handy conveyance, we take the number of the hack; we look all over at his stars, ribbons, embroidery; we think within ourselves, O you unfathomable schemer! O you warrior invincible! O you beautiful smiling Judas! What master would you not kiss or betray? What traitor's head, blackening on the spikes on yonder gate, ever hatched a tithe of the treason which has worked under your periwig?

We have brought our Georges to London city, and if we would behold its aspect, may see it in Hogarth's lively perspective of Cheapside, or read of it in a hundred contemporary books which paint the manners of that age. Our dear old *Spectator* looks smiling upon these streets, with their innumerable signs, and describes them with his charming humour. "Our streets are filled with Blue Boars, Black Swans, and Red Lions, not to mention Flying Pigs and Hogs in Armour, with other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa." A few of these quaint old figures still remain in London town. You may still see there, and over its old hostel in Ludgate Hill, the Belle Sauvage to whom the *Spectator* so pleasantly alludes in that paper; and who was, probably, no other than the sweet American Pocahontas, who rescued from death the daring Captain Smith. There is the Lion's Head, down whose jaws the *Spectator's* own letters were passed; and over a great banker's in Fleet Street, the effigy of the wallet, which the founder of the firm bore when he came into London a country boy. People this street, so ornamented with crowds of swinging chairmen, with servants bawling to clear the way, with Mr. Dean

in his cassock, his lacquey marching before him; or Mrs. Dinah in her sack, tripping to chapel, her footboy carrying her ladyship's great prayer-book; with itinerant tradesmen, singing their hundred cries (I remember forty years ago, as a boy in London city, a score of cheery, familiar cries that are silent now). Fancy the beaux thronging to the chocolate-houses, tapping their snuff-boxes as they issue thence, their periwigs appearing over the red curtains. Fancy Saccharissa beckoning and smiling from the upper windows, and a crowd of soldiers brawling and bustling at the door—gentlemen of the Life Guards, clad in scarlet, with blue facings, and laced with gold at the seams; gentlemen of the Horse Grenadiers, in their caps of sky-blue cloth, with the garter embroidered on the front in gold and silver; men of the Halberdiers, in their long red coats, as bluff Harry left them, with their ruffs and velvet flat caps. Perhaps the king's majesty himself is going to St. James's as we pass. If he is going to parliament, he is in his coach-and-eight, surrounded by his guards and the high officers of his crown. Otherwise his Majesty only uses a chair, with six footmen walking before, and six yeomen of the guard at the sides of the sedan. The officers in waiting follow the king in coaches. It must be rather slow work.

Our *Spectator* and *Tatler* are full of delightful glimpses of the town life of those days. In the company of that charming guide, we may go to the opera, the comedy, the puppet show, the auction, even the cockpit: we can take boat at Temple Stairs, and accompany Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator to Spring Garden—it will be called Vauxhall a few years since, when Hogarth will paint for it. Would you not like to step back into the past, and be introduced to Mr. Addison?—not the Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq., George I.'s Secretary of State, but to the delightful painter of contemporary manners; the man who, when in good-humour himself, was the pleasantest companion in all England. I should like to go into Lockit's with him, and drink a bowl along with Sir R. Steele (who has just been knighted by King George, and who does not happen to have any money to pay his share of the reckoning). I should not care to follow Mr. Addison to his secretary's office in Whitehall. There we get into politics. Our business is pleasure, and the town, and the coffee-house, and the theatre, and the Mall. Delightful Spectator! kind friend of leisure hours! happy companion! true Christian gentleman! How much greater, better, you are than the king Mr. Secretary kneels to!

You can have foreign testimony about old-world London, if you like; and my before-quoted friend, Charles Louis, Baron de Pollnitz, will conduct us to it. "A man of sense," says he, "or a fine gentleman, is never at a loss for company in London, and this is the way the latter passes his time. He rises late, puts on a frock, and, leaving his sword at home, takes his cane, and goes where he pleases. The park is commonly the place where he walks, because 'tis the Exchange for men of quality. 'Tis the same thing as the Tuileries at Paris, only the park has a certain beauty of simplicity which cannot be described. The grand walk is called the

Mall; is full of people at every hour of the day, but especially at morning and evening, when their Majesties often walk with the royal family, who are attended only by a half-dozen yeomen of the guard, and permit all persons to walk at the same time with them. The ladies and gentlemen always appear in rich dresses, for the English, who, twenty years ago, did not wear gold lace but in their army, are now embroidered and bedaubed as much as the French. I speak of persons of quality; for the citizen still contents himself with a suit of fine cloth, a good hat and wig, and fine linen. Everybody is well clothed here, and even the beggars don't make so ragged an appearance as they do elsewhere." After our friend, the man of quality, has had his morning or undress walk in the Mall, he goes home to dress, and then saunters to some coffee-house or chocolate-house frequented by the persons he would see. "For 'tis a rule with the English to go once a day at least to houses of this sort, where they talk of business and news, read the papers, and often look at one another without opening their lips. And 'tis very well they are so mute: for were they all as talkative as people of other nations, the coffee-houses would be intolerable, and there would be no hearing what one man said where they are so many. The chocolate-house in St. James's Street, where I go every morning to pass away the time, is always so full that a man can scarce turn about in it."

Delightful as London city was, King George I. liked to be out of it as much as ever he could; and when there, passed all his time with his Germans. It was with them as with Blucher, 100 years afterwards, when the bold old reiter looked down from St. Paul's, and sighed out, "Was für Plunder!" The German women plundered; the German secretaries plundered; the German cooks and intendants plundered; even Mustapha and Mahomet, the German negroes, had a share of the booty. Take what you can get, was the old monarch's maxim. He was not a lofty monarch, certainly: he was not a patron of the fine arts: but he was not a hypocrite, he was not revengeful, he was not extravagant. Though a despot in Hanover, he was a moderate ruler in England. His aim was to leave it to itself as much as possible, and to live out of it as much as he could. His heart was in Hanover. When taken ill on his last journey, as he was passing through Holland, he thrust his livid head out of the coach-window, and gasped out, "Osnaburg, Osnaburg!" He was more than fifty years of age when he came amongst us: we took him because we wanted him, because he served our turn; we laughed at his uncouth German ways, and sneered at him. He took our loyalty for what it was worth; laid hands on what money he could; kept us assuredly from Popery and wooden shoes. I, for one, would have been on his side in those days. Cynical, and selfish, as he was, he was better than a king out of St. Germain's, with the French king's orders in his pocket, and a swarm of Jesuits in his train.

The Fates are supposed to interest themselves about royal personages; and so this one had omens and prophecies specially regarding him. He

was said to be much disturbed at a prophecy that he should die very soon after his wife; and sure enough, pallid Death, having seized upon the luckless princess in her castle of Ahlden, presently pounced upon H. M. King George I., in his travelling chariot, on the Hanover road. What postilion can outride that pale horseman? It is said, George promised one of his left-handed widows to come to her after death, if leave were granted to him to revisit the glimpses of the moon; and soon after his demise, a great raven actually flying or hopping in at the Duchess of Kendal's window at Twickenham, she chose to imagine the king's spirit inhabited these plumes, and took special care of her sable visitor. Affecting metempsychosis—funereal royal bird! How pathetic is the idea of the duchess weeping over it! When this chaste addition to our English aristocracy died, all her jewels, her plate, her plunder went over to her relations in Hanover. I wonder whether her heirs took the bird, and whether it is still flapping its wings over Herrenhausen?

The days are over in England of that strange religion of king-worship, when priests flattered princes in the Temple of God; when servility was held to be ennobling duty; when beauty and youth tried eagerly for royal favour; and woman's shame was held to be no dishonour. Mended morals and mended manners in courts and people, are among the priceless consequences of the freedom which George I. came to rescue and secure. He kept his compact with his English subjects; and, if he escaped no more than other men and monarchs from the vices of his age, at least we may thank him for preserving and transmitting the liberties of ours. In our free air, royal and humble homes have alike been purified; and Truth, the birthright of high and low among us, which quite fearlessly judges our greatest personages, can only speak of them now in words of respect and regard. There are stains in the portrait of the first George, and traits in it which none of us need admire; but, among the nobler features are justice, courage, moderation—and these we may recognize ere we turn the picture to the wall.

Physiological Riddles.

I.—HOW WE ACT.

WHEN a common reader takes up a physiological work, his feelings are apt to be those of admiration, rising rapidly to astonishment, and soon sinking into despair. The multiplicity of the facts, the ingenuity of the experiments, the intricacy of the results,—the astonishing amount of light, and the insuperable darkness,—produce a mingled effect upon the mind. The more observations multiply, the more doubtful everything becomes. Thus some recent books assure us that we do not know why we feel hungry, nor what takes place in respiration, nor why the blood circulates, nor why we are warm. Surely these are rather negative results of a positive philosophy. And the worst is, that so much questioning of the past almost shakes our confidence in the present. Do we really know anything on the subject? Shall we find out by-and-by that we do not live by the oxygen of the air, that the blood does not circulate, that food is a fiction, and animal heat an agreeable fiction for a cold day? Is there anything certain in physiology at all, besides what we can see?

If there is, it must be by virtue of some fixed principles; some certain and unquestionable relations established between things. And these indeed seem to be sadly wanting in this department. We appear to be, in physiological inquiries, entirely at the mercy of our senses. Anything might be true, nor can we grasp any fact with a firmer hold than mere empirical inquiry can afford. Every inference, therefore, is open to doubt; no law is ascertained which can sustain the shock of apparent exceptions, nor any principle established to which we may with confidence seek to reduce anomalies. No science has made real progress till it has passed out of this state. So long as no certain principles or necessary laws have been discovered in any branch of knowledge, we cannot tell what we may believe, and, at the best, its doctrines form a mass of truth and error inextricably mixed.

If, therefore, any relations in the vital processes could be ascertained, which must in the nature of things be true, like the propositions of geometry, or if any physiological laws could be found, based on a sufficiently wide induction to give them authority as standards, like the laws of gravitation in astronomy, or of definite proportions in chemistry, this would be a great aid both to the comprehension and to the advance of the science. And though we do not intend here to enter on any such inquiry, we will try whether a clearer light cannot be thrown upon some of the points on which the main interest of physiology centres.

Too much must not be attempted at once. So, dismissing for the present all other subjects connected with the living body, we concentrate our attention on the question, Whence comes its active power? Taking

the body as it stands, supposing it originated, developed, and nourished, by means which we do not now consider, we ask ourselves, Can we find the reason of its spontaneous activity?—why action should go on within it, and force be exerted by it on the world around?

There is a term we shall find it convenient to use in this inquiry, and may, therefore, briefly define. The actions of a living body are called its "functions." One of these functions is muscular motion, whether external or internal; another is the nervous action; and a third includes various processes of secretion. The growth and nourishment of the body we do not include among the "functions," as we propose to use the term.

We inquire, then, why the living body has in itself a power of acting, and is not like the inert masses of merely inorganic matter? And here let us first observe, that some other things besides the animal body possess an active power. "It died last night," exclaimed the Chinaman, in triumph, on selling the first watch he had ever seen. And certainly a watch is like an animal in some respects. Under certain conditions, it has an active power as like that of the heart as could readily be devised. What are those conditions? They are very simple. It must contain a spring in a state of tension: that is, force must have been applied to it in such a way as to store up power, by opposing the tendency of the metal to straighten itself. Let us fix in our minds this conception of a tension, or balancing of two forces in the watch-spring. The power applied in winding it up is exerted in opposing the elasticity of the steel: it is compressed—coerced. The production of motion from it, when in this state, is a quite simple mechanical problem: let it unbend, and let wheels and levers be at hand to convey the force where it may be desired.

Let it be observed that the force thus exerted by the spring, and on which the "functions" of the watch depend, is truly the force that is applied by the hand in winding it up. That force is retained by the spring, as it were in a latent state, until it is applied to use: it exists in the spring as tension—a state intermediate between the motion of the hand in bending it, and of the hands of the watch in their revolutions. But the motion is the same throughout. It is interrupted and stored up in the spring; it is not altered. We may say, that the tense spring is the unbent spring *plus motion*. It embodies the force we have exerted. It is not the same thing as it was in its relaxed state; it is more. And it can only pass again into the unbent state by giving out the force which has been thus put into it.

Steam is an instance of a similar thing. Water, in passing into vapour, absorbs or embodies no less than 960 degrees of heat. Vapour is not the same thing as water; it is more—it is water plus heat. Nor can it return into the state of water again, without giving out all this heat. Vapour, therefore, in respect to force, is like a bent spring, and water is like the spring relaxed.

And further, as a bent spring *tends* constantly to relax, and will relax as soon as it is permitted, or as soon as ever the force which keeps it bent is taken away, so does vapour constantly tend to return to the state of

water. It seeks every opportunity, we might say, of doing so, and of giving out its force. Like the spring, it is endowed with a power of acting. Let but the temperature of the air be cooled, let a little electricity be abstracted from the atmosphere, and the force-laden vapour *relaxes* into water, and descends in grateful showers.

In the vapour, heat opposes the force of cohesion. It is not hard to recognize a tension here; the heat being stored up in the vapour, not destroyed or lost, but only latent. And when the rain descends, all this heat is given off again, though perhaps not as heat. It may be changed in form, and appear as electricity for example, but it is the same force as the heat which changed the water into vapour at the first. Only its form is changed, or can be changed.

Now the living body is like vapour in this respect, that it embodies force. It has grown, directly or indirectly, by the light and heat of the sun, or other forces, and consists not of the material elements alone, but of these elements *plus force*. Like the vapour, too, or like the spring, it constantly tends to give off this force, and to *relax* into the inorganic form. It is continually decaying; some portion or other is at every moment decomposing, and approaching the inorganic state. And this it cannot do without producing some effect, the force it gives off must operate. What should this force do then? what should be its effects? What but the "functions?"

For the force stored up in the body, like all force, may exist in various forms. Motion, as the rudest nations know, produces heat, and heat continually produces motion. There is a ceaseless round of force-mutation throughout nature, each one generating, or changing into, the other. So the force which enters the plant as heat, or light, &c., and is stored up in its tissues, making them "organic"—this force, transferred from the plant to the animal in digestion, is given out by its muscles in their decomposition, and produces motion: or by its nerves, and constitutes the nervous force.

In this there is nothing that is not according to known laws. The animal body, so far, answers exactly to a machine such as we ourselves construct. In various mechanical structures, adapted to work in certain ways, we accumulate, or store up, force: we render vapour tense in the steam-engine, we raise weights in the clock, we compress the atmosphere in the air-gun; and having done this, we know that there is a source of power within them from which the desired actions will ensue. The principle is the same in the animal functions: the source of power in the body is the storing up of force.

But in what way is force stored up in the body? It is stored up by *resistance* to chemical affinity. It is a common observation, that life seems to suspend or alter the chemical laws and ordinary properties of bodies; and in one sense this is true, though false in another. Life does not

* As heat, we may say, makes water "gaseous."

suspend the chemical or any other laws ; they are operative still, and evidence of their action is everywhere to be met with ; but in living structures force is employed in opposing chemical affinity, so that the chemical changes which go on in them take place under peculiar conditions, and manifest, accordingly, peculiar characteristics. If I lift a heavy body, I employ my muscular force in opposing gravity, but the law of gravity is neither suspended nor altered thereby ; or if I compress an elastic body, my force opposes elasticity, but the laws of elasticity are not thereby altered. In truth, the forces of gravity and elasticity thus receive scope to operate, and display their laws. Just so it is in the living body. The force of chemical affinity is opposed, and thereby has scope to act ; its laws are not altered, but they operate under new conditions. Owing to the opposition to chemical affinity, the living tissues ever tend to decompose ; as a weight *that has been lifted* tends to fall.

But the living structures are not the only instances, in nature, of bodies which tend to decompose. There are several in the inorganic world : such are the fulminating powders (iodide or chloride of nitrogen, for example), which explode upon a touch. There is a strong analogy between these and the living tissues. In each case, there is a tendency to undergo chemical decomposition ; in each case, this decomposition produces an enormous amount of force. Explosive powders may be compared to steam that has been heated under pressure, and which expands with violence when the pressure is removed. The tendencies of these bodies have been coerced by some force, which is thus latent in them, and is restored to the active state in their decomposition. This is the point of view from which the living body, in respect to its power of producing force, should be regarded. The chemical tendencies have been resisted or coerced, and are, therefore, ready, on the slightest stimulus, to come into active operation. And the "functions" are effected by this operation of chemical force upon the various adapted structures of the body. The animal is a divinely made machine, constructed, indeed, with a marvellous delicacy, perfection, and complexity ; and depending upon a power, the vital modification of force, which it is wholly beyond our skill to imitate, but still involving, in the laws of its activity, no other principles than those which we every day apply, and see to regulate the entire course of nature.

We speak of "stimuli" to the vital functions—of the things which stimulate muscular contraction, or stimulate the nerves. What is the part performed by these ? They are what the spark is to the explosion of gunpowder ; or what the opening of the valve that permits the steam to pass into the cylinder, is to the motions of the steam-engine. They do not cause the action, but permit it. The cause of the muscular motion is the decomposition in the muscle, as the cause of the motion of the piston is the expansion of the steam ; it is the relaxing of the tension. In the muscle, the chemical affinity on the one hand, and a force which we will call, provisionally, the vital force on the other, exist in equilibrium ; the stimulus overthrows this equilibrium, and thus calls forth the inherent

tendency to change of state. Magnets lose for a time their magnetic property by being raised to a red heat; if, therefore, to a magnet holding a weight suspended heat enough were applied, it would permit the fall of the weight. It is thus the stimulus "permits" the function.

So one of the most perplexing circumstances connected with the phenomena of life becomes less difficult to understand; namely, that the most various and even opposite agencies produce, and may be used by us to produce, the same effects upon the body. The application of cold, or heat, or friction, alike will excite respiration. Any mechanical or chemical irritation determines muscular contraction, or will occasion in the nerves of special sense their own peculiar sensations. These various agencies operate, not by their own peculiar qualities, but by disturbing an equilibrium, so that the same effect is brought about in many ways. A sudden change is the essential requisite. As almost any force will cause a delicately balanced body to fall, so almost any change in the conditions of a living body, if it be not fatal to its life, will bring its functional activity into play. Anything that increases the power of the chemical tendencies, or diminishes the resistance to them, may have the same effect.

To recapitulate: Chemical affinity is opposed, and delicately balanced, by other force in the organic body (as we oppose forces in a machine; the elasticity of heated steam by the tenacity of iron, for example); and this affinity coming into play—spontaneously or through the effect of stimuli which disturb the equilibrium—is the secret of the animal functions. The body is not in this respect peculiar, but is conformable to all that we best know and most easily understand. The same principles are acted upon by every boy who makes a bird-trap with tiles and a few pieces of stick: here is the opposition to gravity, the equilibrium of force and resistance, and the unfortunate bird applies the stimulus.

But if the case be so simple, why has it not always been presented so? Why has it been conceived that the living body had an inherent activity peculiar to itself? And why especially has the decomposition of the body been represented as the result, and not as the cause, of its activity? Many circumstances have contributed to make this problem difficult of solution. In the first place, if the animal is like a machine in some respects, in others it is strikingly unlike one. All machines consist of two distinct parts: the mechanism, and the power. First, men construct the boiler, the cylinder, the levers, the wheels, all the parts and members of the steam-engine, and then they add the water and the fire: first, they arrange the wheels, the balances, the adjustments of the watch, and then they bend the spring. In the body these two elements are united, and blended into one. The structure itself is the seat of the power. The very muscles, that contract, decompose; the brain and nerves themselves, in their decay, originate the nervous force. It is as if the wheels of the steam-engine were made of coal, and revolved by their own combustion;* or as if the watch-

* The cathartico-wheel is an instance of this very thing: structure and power united. But the firework is not renewed as it decomposes; the "nutrition" is wanting.

spring, as it expanded, pointed to the hour. Here is a broad distinction between all contrivances of ours and living organisms, and this made it the harder to perceive the essential correspondence. For the burning of the coal (an organic substance) to move an iron wheel, differs only in detail, and not in essence, from the decomposition of a muscle to effect its own contraction. Indeed, we are not justified in affirming, absolutely, that there is even this difference of detail. It may not be the very same portion of the muscle which decomposes and contracts; the power and the mechanism may be as truly separate in the body as in any machine of our own contriving, and only so closely brought together as to defy our present powers of analysis. It is not unlikely that the framework (if we may call it so) of the muscle remains comparatively unchanged, and that fresh portions of material are continually brought to undergo decomposition. In this way we might perhaps better understand the decadence of the body with advancing age; it may be literally a wearing out.

And, secondly, the dependence of the active powers of the body upon the decomposition of its substance was rendered difficult to recognize, by the order in which the facts are presented to us. Let us conceive that, instead of having invented steam-engines, men had met with them in nature as objects for their investigation. What would have been the most obvious character of these bodies? Clearly their power of acting—of moving. This would have become familiar as a “property” or endowment of steam-engines, long before the part played by the steam had been recognized; for that would have required careful investigation, and a knowledge of some recondite laws, mechanical, chemical, pneumatic. Might it not, then, have happened that motion should have been taken as a peculiar characteristic belonging to the nature of the engine? and when, after a long time, the expansion of the steam coincident with this motion was detected, might it not have been at first regarded as consequence, and not as cause? Can we imagine persons thus studying the steam-engine backwards, and inverting the relation of the facts? If we can, then we have a representation of the course of discovery in respect to the vital functions. The animal body came before men’s senses as gifted with a power of acting; this was, to their thoughts, its nature—a property of life. They grew familiar with this “property,” and ceased to demand a cause or explanation of it, long before it was discovered that with every such exhibition of power there was connected a change in its composition. Only after long study, and through knowledge of many laws, was this discovery made. How then should they have done otherwise than put the effect before the cause, and say: “The animal body has an active power, and as a consequence of every exertion of that power, a part of its substance becomes decomposed?”

This is another reason why the parallel between the living body and a machine has not been sooner recognized. The processes of nature are studied by us in an inverse order: we see effects before we discover causes. And such is the deadening effect of familiarity upon our minds, that the

seen effect has often ceased to excite our wonder, or stimulate our demand to know a cause, before the discovery of that cause is made.

But there is yet a third reason for the difficulty that has been found in solving this problem of the nature of the animal functions. It is complicated by the co-existence, with the functional activity, of many other and different processes. The body is at the same time growing and decaying; it is nourished while it is dying. The web of life is complex to an unparalleled degree. Well is the living frame called a microcosm; it contains in itself a representation of all the powers of nature. It cannot be paralleled by any single order of forces; it exhibits the interworking of them all. And those processes of decomposition which generate functional activity are so mixed up with other vital processes, that no experiment can disentangle them. The relations of the various forces can be discerned and demonstrated only by the application of known laws of force.

Two sources of difficulty, arising from this complexity of the organic processes, may be specially noticed. On the one hand, there are certain changes which involve decomposition, and yet are probably not attended with any functional activity. The portions of the body which have given out their force in function, may pass into still lower forms of composition previous to their excretion as worn-out materials: a process of decay may go on in them, which does not manifest itself in any *external* force. And, besides this, the decomposition which is to bring into their orderly activity the various structures, must itself be of an ordered and definite character. Unregulated, or in excess, it would produce not function but disease; as indeed we see in our own mechanical contrivances: not every possible expansion of the steam, but only that which takes place in definite direction and amount, can raise the piston.

But, on the other hand, a still greater difficulty in tracing the relation of decay to function, arises from the admixture, with these changes, of the opposite ones which constitute nutrition. The watch is being wound up as it goes. Perpetually giving off its force in function, this force is as perpetually renewed from the world without. And the very organs which are active by decay, are, perhaps at the same moment, being restored by nutrition to their perfect state. The disentangling of these processes may well be allowed to have challenged man's highest powers.

Let us now endeavour to apply the conception we have set forth to some of the animal functions, and see how far it is confirmed or otherwise; and if true, to what point it carries us, and what further questions it suggests. We conceive, in the active structures of the body, a state of equilibrium very easily disturbed, existing between the chemical affinities of their elements, and a force which has opposed these affinities; and that by the operation of the stimuli which excite function, this equilibrium is overthrown.

Let us consider first the nervous system. Evidently we do not take into account the phenomena of thought, feeling, or will. These form another subject. But confining our attention to those operations of the

nervous system which are strictly physical in their character, it may be observed, that all the stimuli which excite them are adapted to bring into activity the repressed chemical affinities of the elements. Thus the nervous force is called into action by mechanical irritation, or motion, in whatever form applied, by changes of temperature, by chemical irritants, by electricity, light or sound, and by the taste and smell of bodies. It is hardly possible to perceive in these various agents any property in common to which their influence on the nervous system can with reason be referred, except the power they all, so far as they are known to us, possess of disturbing an unstable chemical equilibrium. Acting upon a tissue in which the affinities of the component elements are so delicately balanced, and the inherent tendency to change so strong, as in the nervous substance, it can hardly be otherwise than that they should overthrow that balance, and bring about a change of composition. "In compounds in which the free manifestation of chemical force has been impeded by other forces, a blow or mechanical friction, or the contact of a substance the particles of which are in a state of transformation, or any external cause whose activity is added to the stronger attraction of the elementary particles in another direction, may suffice to give the preponderance to the stronger attraction, and to alter the form and structure of the compound."*

And that a chemical change in the nervous tissue does ensue from the



The nerve of the finger (after Kölliker). The smaller branches are covered with minute corpuscles. It is doubtful, however, whether these are concerned in the sense of touch.

change in the nervous tissue does ensue from the action of the stimulus, is proved by the fact that the same stimulus will not reproduce the effect until after the lapse of a certain interval. The necessity of time for the renewal of the irritability is evidence of an altered composition.

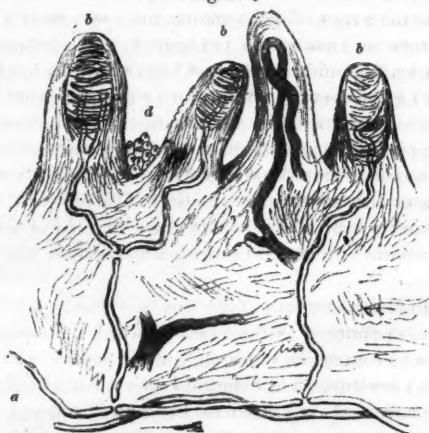
And may we not, in this light, form a clear and natural conception of the nervous force? A galvanic current, we know, results from chemical change in inorganic bodies. But when the nerves of any part are stimulated a chemical change is set up in or around them. When we touch any object, for example, the nerve tissue decomposes to a slight extent; the cellular substance which surrounds their terminations (Figs. 1 and 2) resembles to some degree the fulminating powders, and decomposes, though only to a limited extent, at a touch.

From the decomposition thus set up, is it not natural to believe that a peculiar force, or current, might arise, *like* the galvanic, but not the same, because the chemical changes, though resembling those which take place in inorganic substances, are not the same? The nervous force originates in a peculiar chemical change,

* Liebig.

and is therefore a peculiar force. But, as its source is very similar to that of galvanism, so are its characters very similar also. It is like, but different, at once in its source and nature.

Fig. 2. c



A magnified view of the termination of the nerves of the forefinger of a child (after Wagner). *a* Nerve-trunk running on the side of the finger. *b* Termination of branch of the same within a cellular expansion, the "touch-corpuscle." *c* Loop of blood-vessel. *d* Portion of the cellular tissue of the skin.

Or let us take the case of hearing. In the auditory nerve, the equilibrium is so adjusted as to be disturbed by the sonorous vibrations. An illustration of the nature of the action is furnished by the fact mentioned by Mr. Rogers, that masses of ice and snow of considerable magnitude may be precipitated from the Alpine ridges by the sound of the human voice; the gravitation of the masses, and the resisting forces which maintained them in their places, being in such exact equilibrium that this slight motion of the atmosphere suffices to give the preponderance to the former. Of the chamois hunters of the Alps he says:—

"From rock to rock, with giant bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convulsed with sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass."

This illustration, remote though it may seem, is valuable, as bringing clearly before the mind the essential character of the process which constitutes the animal function. For the stimulus in this case, the aerial vibration, evidently produces the resulting motion only by disturbing the equilibrium of the counteracting forces.

So, too, the photographic process is a true analogue of the physical part of vision. To prepare a plate for photographic purposes, it is only necessary to apply to it, in solution, chemical substances which tend to undergo a change of composition, and the equilibrium of which is so unstable as to be disturbed by the rays of light. Thus prepared, the paper is called

sensitive;—by a blind instinct, which is often truer than studied science, for the retina, or expansion of the optic nerve within the eye, is like it. The retina consists of matter prone to change. Its elements tend to break up, and enter into new combinations. What supposition can be better warranted than that the rays of light entering the eye permit a change of composition, as they are known to do in respect to the photographic salts?

Mr. Grove by a beautiful experiment* has shown that light, falling on a plate prepared for photography, will set up a galvanic current. Does not this unavoidably suggest itself as an illustration of the process of vision? Light impinging on the retina determines therein a chemical change, which develops in the optic nerve the nervous force. This force sets up in the brain an action of the same order as that in the retina. Hence again originates a nervous force, which, conveyed back to the eye, sets up yet a third time a chemical change (in the iris), which causes the contraction of the pupil.

If we pass from the nervous to the muscular system, we find abundant confirmation of our position. Of the means by which the decomposition of the muscle causes its contraction in length, and so results in motion, there is as yet no certain knowledge; but chemical action is one of the best known sources of motor force, and one of the most frequently employed. The flight of a bullet and the motion of the arm are phenomena of a similar kind. The appearances presented by muscles during contraction have been carefully observed. All muscles consist of fibres, of which 10,000 on an average would about occupy an inch. Each fibre runs the whole length of the muscle, and is connected with the tendons in which almost all muscles commence and terminate. These fibres are of two kinds, simple in the involuntary muscles, and *striped* in those over which the will has control. The stripes are transverse markings on each fibre, as if it were composed of

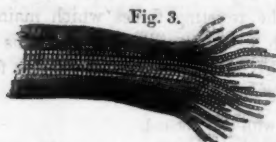


Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

A fibre of striped, or "voluntary" muscle, showing its structure: magnified. Fig. 3 shows the longitudinal, and Fig. 4 the transverse splitting. These and the two following cuts are from Messrs. Todd and Bowman's Paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1840.

separate discs arranged in lines (Figs. 3 and 4), and they afford a good means of examining the process of contraction. When a portion of fresh muscle is made to contract, under the microscope, by pricking or otherwise irritating it, the markings, or *striae*, approach each other, the muscle diminishing in length and increasing in thickness (Fig. 5). The action is gradually propagated from the point of irritation to the adjacent parts, with a creeping motion, subsiding in one part as it reaches another, as shown in Fig. 6, until it has traversed the whole length exposed

* On the Correlation of the Physical Forces.

to view. This is most probably the mode in which contraction is effected during life; and in persistent muscular efforts it is believed that the different portions of the muscle alternately relax and contract again, and that all the fibres are not active together. The contraction of muscle is attended with a slight rustling sound, which may be heard by moving the ball of the thumb vigorously, close to the ear. In contracting, a muscle is not merely shortened; it undergoes a change which modifies its entire structure, and will bear a very much greater strain without rupture than in its uncontracted state.

Fig 5.



Muscular fibre partly contracted, partly uncontracted. The increase in thickness, and approximation of the striae, mark the state of contraction.

Fig. 6.



Striated muscular fibres contracting from irritation while under the microscope. The contraction is seen travelling in waves in the direction of the length of the muscle, and affecting chiefly its upper side.

The causes which determine contraction in a muscle are those which induce its decomposition. When placed beneath the microscope, it is seen to contract first at any spot where it has been broken or otherwise subjected to injury. The slightest mechanical irritation induces a local contraction, as does also the contact of air or water. In cases of lingering disease, in which the proneness to decay is increased, contraction of the muscles takes place with increased facility, and may often be excited by a touch. And the stimuli which, in health, induce muscular action most powerfully, are those which most strongly evoke their tendency to change of composition. Electricity, which ranks next to the nervous force as the exciter of muscular action, stands first among the physical forces as a promoter of chemical change, and is known to induce the speedier decomposition of muscles to which it is freely applied.

But we must, perforce, omit many topics, and hasten to notice one objection to the view that has been propounded, which should not be passed over, as it has probably weighed much with some minds. Certain stimulating substances, as alcohol, coffee, or tea, have been found to increase the activity, while they diminish, rather than increase, the waste of the body. This question can be properly discussed only after the subject of nutrition has been passed in review; but it may be observed that there are other processes of decomposition going on in the body, besides those on which functional activity depends. It may be that these stimulants diminish oxidation, which precedes, more or less completely, the elimination of the waste products from the body; but there is no sufficient reason to believe that function directly depends on oxidation. Or it may be, though this is not probable, that these bodies contain more force in a less amount of substance than ordinary food. Of one thing we may be confident, that no articles of diet will give us the means of creating force, or

of exerting power except at the expense of the power that is embodied in our food, and so is stored up within.

And now to what end is this discussion? What advantage is gained by adopting this view of the vital functions? First, a great simplification in our idea of the living body. In respect to one of its chief characteristics, the vital organism ceases to be contrasted with the rest of nature, and becomes to us an example of universal and familiar laws. One form of force acting as a resistance to another, and so accumulating a store of power, which operates on a structure adapted to direct it to given ends;—this is the plan on which the animal creation is constructed. It is the same plan that we adopt when we seek to store up force, and direct it for our own purposes. We imitate herein the Creator; humbly indeed, and with an infinite inferiority of wisdom and of power. But the principle is the same.

And some otherwise mysterious "properties" of living organs lose their mystery. The "contractility" of muscular fibre, and the "sensibility" of the nerves and brain, are seen to be, not mere inexplicable endowments, but names applied to the effect of their known tendency to undergo chemical change. Given the tendency to decompose, and the anatomical structure of the parts, and there must be a power to contract in muscle, and to originate the nervous force in brain.

And when, in this light, we consider the *vital* force, it presents no more the same unapproachable aspect. We exonerate it from one part of the task that has been assigned to it. The vital force is not the agent in the functions; they are effects of the chemical force which the vital force has been employed in opposing. And this is the office and nature of the vital force—to oppose and hold suspended the chemical affinities within the body, that by their operation power may be exerted, and the functions be performed. When we ask, therefore, What is the vital force? we inquire for that force—whence it is derived, and how it operates—which in the organic world opposes chemical affinity. Reverting to the illustration of the watch, we have seen the functions to arise from the unbending of the spring; in the vital force we seek the agency that bends it.

This is a future task. But before we leave the subject that has occupied us now, let us take one glance at another analogy which it suggests. The actions of the body result from one form of force resisting the operation of another;—are not the revolutions of the planets regulated by the same law? Motion opposing gravity—these are the forces which (in equilibrium perpetually destroyed and perpetually renewed) determine the sweep of the orbs about the sun. Nor does observation reveal to us, nor can thought suggest, any limit to the mutual action of these kindred, but balanced powers. Life sets its stamp upon the universe; in Nature the loftiest claims kindred with the lowest; and the bond which ties all in one Brotherhood, proclaims one Author.

Men of Genius.

SILENT, the Lord of the world
 Eyes from the heavenly height,
 Girt by his far-shining train,
 Us, who with banners unfurl'd
 Fight life's many-chanc'd fight
 Madly below, in the plain.

Then saith the Lord to his own:—
 "See ye the battle below?
 Turmoil of death and of birth!
 Too long let we them groan.
 Haste, arise ye, and go;
 Carry my peace upon earth."

Gladly they rise at his call;
 Gladly they take his command;
 Gladly descend to the plain.
 Alas! How few of them all—
 Those willing servants—shall stand
 In their Master's presence again!

Some in the tumult are lost:
 Baffled, bewilder'd, they stray.
 Some as prisoners draw breath.
 Others—the bravest—are cross'd,
 On the height of their bold-follow'd way,
 By the swift-rushing missile of Death.

Hardly, hardly shall one
 Come, with countenance bright,
 O'er the cloud-wrapt, perilous plain:
 His Master's errand well done,
 Safe through the smoke of the fight,
 Back to his Master again.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Framley Parsonage.

CHAPTER XIX.

MONEY DEALINGS.

MR. SOWERBY, in his resolution to obtain this good gift for the Vicar of Framley, did not depend quite alone on the influence of his near connection with the Lord Petty Bag. He felt the occasion to be one on which he might endeavour to move even higher powers than that, and therefore he had opened the matter to the duke—not by direct application, but through Mr. Fothergill. No man who understood matters ever thought of going direct to the duke in such an affair as that. If one wanted to speak about a woman or a horse or a picture the duke could, on occasions, be affable enough.

But through Mr. Fothergill the duke was approached. It was represented, with some cunning, that this buying over of the Framley clergyman from the Lufton side would be a praiseworthy spoiling of the Amalekites. The doing so would give the Omnium interest a hold even in the cathedral close. And then it was known to all men that Mr. Roberts had considerable influence over Lord Lufton himself. So guided, the Duke of Omnium did say two words to the Prime Minister, and two words from the duke went a great way, even with Lord Brock. The upshot of all this was, that Mark Roberts did get the stall; but he did not hear the tidings of his success till some days after his return to Framley.

Mr. Sowerby did not forget to tell him of the great effort—the unusual effort, as he of Chaldicotes called it—which the duke had made on the subject. “I don’t know when he has done such a thing before,” said Sowerby; “and you may be quite sure of this, he would not have done it now, had you not gone to Gatherum Castle when he asked you: indeed, Fothergill would have known that it was vain to attempt it. And I’ll tell you what, Mark—it does not do for me to make little of my own nest, but I truly believe the duke’s word will be more efficacious than the Lord Petty Bag’s solemn adjuration.”

Mark, of course, expressed his gratitude in proper terms, and did buy the horse for a hundred and thirty pounds. “He’s as well worth it,” said Sowerby, “as any animal that ever stood on four legs; and my only reason for pressing him on you is, that when Tozer’s day does come round, I know you will have to stand to us to something about that tune.” It did not occur to Mark to ask him why the horse should not be sold to some one else, and the money forthcoming in the regular way. But this would not have suited Mr. Sowerby.

Mark knew that the beast was good, and as he walked to his lodgings was half proud of his new possession. But then, how would he justify it to his wife, or how introduce the animal into his stables without attempt-

ing any justification in the matter? And yet, looking to the absolute amount of his income, surely he might feel himself entitled to buy a new horse when it suited him. He wondered what Mr. Crawley would say when he heard of the new purchase. He had lately fallen into a state of much wondering as to what his friends and neighbours would say about him.

He had now been two days in town, and was to go down after breakfast on the following morning so that he might reach home by Friday afternoon. But on that evening, just as he was going to bed, he was surprised by Lord Lufton coming into the coffee-room at his hotel. He walked in with a hurried step, his face was red, and it was clear that he was very angry.

"Roberts," said he, walking up to his friend and taking the hand that was extended to him, "do you know anything about this man, Tozer?"

"Tozer—what Tozer? I have heard Sowerby speak of such a man."

"Of course you have. If I do not mistake you have written to me about him yourself."

"Very probably. I remember Sowerby mentioning the man with reference to your affairs. But why do you ask me?"

"This man has not only written to me, but has absolutely forced his way into my rooms when I was dressing for dinner; and absolutely had the impudence to tell me that if I did not honour some bill which he holds for eight hundred pounds he would proceed against me."

"But you settled all that matter with Sowerby?"

"I did settle it at a very great cost to me. Sooner than have a fuss I paid him through the nose—like a fool that I was—everything that he claimed. This is an absolute swindle, and if it goes on I will expose it as such."

Roberts looked round the room, but luckily there was not a soul in it but themselves. "You do not mean to say that Sowerby is swindling you?" said the clergyman.

"It looks very like it," said Lord Lufton; "and I tell you fairly that I am not in a humour to endure any more of this sort of thing. Some years ago I made an ass of myself through that man's fault. But four thousand pounds should have covered the whole of what I really lost. I have now paid more than three times that sum; and, by heavens! I will not pay more without exposing the whole affair."

"But, Lufton, I do not understand. What is this bill?—has it your name to it?"

"Yes, it has: I'll not deny my name, and if there be absolute need I will pay it; but if I do so, my lawyer shall sift it, and it shall go before a jury."

"But I thought all those bills were paid?"

"I left it to Sowerby to get up the old bills when they were renewed,

and now one of them that has in truth been already honoured is brought against me."

Mark could not but think of the two documents which he himself had signed, and both of which were now undoubtedly in the hands of Tozer, or of some other gentleman of the same profession;—which both might be brought against him, the second as soon as he should have satisfied the first. And then he remembered that Sowerby had said something to him about an outstanding bill, for the filling up of which some trifle must be paid, and of this he reminded Lord Lufton.

"And do you call eight hundred pounds a trifle? If so, I do not."

"They will probably make no such demand as that."

"But I tell you they do make such a demand, and have made it. The man whom I saw, and who told me that he was Tozer's friend, but who was probably Tozer himself, positively swore to me that he would be obliged to take legal proceedings if the money were not forthcoming within a week or ten days. When I explained to him that it was an old bill that had been renewed, he declared that his friend had given full value for it."

"Sowerby said that you would probably have to pay ten pounds to redeem it. I should offer the man some such sum as that."

"My intention is to offer the man nothing, but to leave the affair in the hands of my lawyer with instructions to him to spare none;—neither myself, nor any one else. I am not going to allow such a man as Sowerby to squeeze me like an orange."

"But, Lufton, you seem as though you were angry with me."

"No, I am not. But I think it is as well to caution you about this man; my transactions with him lately have chiefly been through you, and therefore —"

"But they have only been so through his and your wish: because I have been anxious to oblige you both. I hope you don't mean to say that I am concerned in these bills."

"I know that you are concerned in bills with him."

"Why, Lufton, am I to understand, then, that you are accusing me of having any interest in these transactions which you have called swindling?"

"As far as I am concerned there has been swindling, and there is swindling going on now."

"But you do not answer my question. Do you bring any accusation against me? If so, I agree with you that you had better go to your lawyer."

"I think that is what I shall do."

"Very well. But upon the whole, I never heard of a more unreasonable man, or of one whose thoughts are more unjust than yours. Solely with the view of assisting you, and solely at your request, I spoke to Sowerby about these money transactions of yours. Then at his request, which originated out of your request, he using me as his ambassador to

you, as you had used me as yours to him, I wrote and spoke to you. And now this is the upshot."

"I bring no accusation against you, Robarts; but I know you have dealings with this man. You have told me so yourself."

"Yes, at his request, to accommodate him, I have put my name to a bill."

"Only to one?"

"Only to one; and then to that same renewed, or not exactly to that same, but to one which stands for it. The first was for four hundred pounds; the last for five hundred."

"All which you will have to make good, and the world will of course tell you 'at you have paid that price for this stall at Barchester.'"

This was terrible to be borne. He had heard much lately which had frightened and scared him, but nothing so terrible as this; nothing which so stunned him, or conveyed to his mind so frightful a reality of misery and ruin. He made no immediate answer, but standing on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, looked up the whole length of the room. Hitherto his eyes had been fixed upon Lord Lufton's face, but now it seemed to him as though he had but little more to do with Lord Lufton. Lord Lufton and Lord Lufton's mother were neither now to be counted among those who wished him well. Upon whom indeed, could he now count, except that wife of his bosom upon whom he was bringing all this wretchedness?

In that moment of agony ideas ran quickly through his brain. He would immediately abandon this preferment at Barchester, of which it might be said with so much colour that he had bought it. He would go to Harold Smith, and say positively that he declined it. Then he would return home and tell his wife all that had occurred;—tell the whole also to Lady Lufton, if that might still be of any service. He would make arrangement for the payment of both those bills as they might be presented, asking no questions as to the justice of the claim, making no complaint to any one, not even to Sowerby. He would put half his income, if half were necessary, into the hands of Forrest the banker, till all was paid. He would sell every horse he had. He would part with his footman and groom, and at any rate strive like a man to get again a firm footing on good ground. Then, at that moment, he loathed with his whole soul the position in which he found himself placed, and his own folly which had placed him there. How could he reconcile it to his conscience that he was there in London with Sowerby and Harold Smith, petitioning for church preferment to a man who should have been altogether powerless in such a matter, buying horses, and arranging about past due bills? He did not reconcile it to his conscience. Mr. Crawley had been right when he told him that he was a castaway.

Lord Lufton, whose anger during the whole interview had been extreme, and who had become more angry the more he talked, had now walked once or twice up and down the room; and as he so walked the

idea did occur to him that he had been unjust. He had come there with the intention of exclaiming against Sowerby, and of inducing Roberts to convey to that gentleman, that if he, Lord Lufton, were made to undergo any further annoyance about this bill, the whole affair should be thrown into the lawyer's hands; but instead of doing this, he had brought an accusation against Roberts. That Roberts had latterly become Sowerby's friend rather than his own in all these horrid money dealings, had galled him; and now he had expressed himself in terms much stronger than he had intended to use.

"As to you personally, Mark," he said, coming back to the spot on which Roberts was standing, "I do not wish to say anything that shall annoy you."

"You have said quite enough, Lord Lufton."

"You cannot be surprised that I should be angry and indignant at the treatment I have received."

"You might, I think, have separated in your mind those who have wronged you, if there has been such wrong, from those who have only endeavoured to do your will and pleasure for you. That I, as a clergyman, have been very wrong in taking any part whatsoever in these matters, I am well aware. That as a man I have been outrageously foolish in lending my name to Mr. Sowerby, I also know well enough: it is perhaps as well that I should be told of this somewhat rudely; but I certainly did not expect the lesson to come from you."

"Well, there has been mischief enough. The question is, what we had better now both do?"

"You have said what you mean to do. You will put the affair into the hands of your lawyer."

"Not with any object of exposing you."

"Exposing me, Lord Lufton! Why, one would think that I had had the handling of your money."

"You will misunderstand me. I think no such thing. But do you not know yourself that if legal steps be taken in this wretched affair, your arrangements with Sowerby will be brought to light?"

"My arrangements with Sowerby will consist in paying or having to pay, on his account, a large sum of money, for which I have never had and shall never have any consideration whatever."

"And what will be said about this stall at Barchester?"

"After the charge which you brought against me just now, I shall decline to accept it."

At this moment three or four other gentlemen entered the room, and the conversation between our two friends was stopped. They still remained standing near the fire, but for a few minutes neither of them said anything. Roberts was waiting till Lord Lufton should go away, and Lord Lufton had not yet said that which he had come to say. At last he spoke again, almost in a whisper: "I think it will be best to ask Sowerby to come to my rooms to-morrow, and I think also that you should meet him there."

"I do not see any necessity for my presence," said Roberts. "It seems probable that I shall suffer enough for meddling with your affairs, and I will do so no more."

"Of course I cannot make you come; but I think it will be only just to Sowerby, and it will be a favour to me."

Roberts again walked up and down the room for half-a-dozen times, trying to resolve what it would most become him to do in the present emergency. If his name were dragged before the courts,—if he should be shown up in the public papers as having been engaged in accommodation bills, that would certainly be ruinous to him. He had already learned from Lord Lufton's innuendos what he might expect to hear as the public version of his share in these transactions! And then his wife,—how would she bear such exposure?

"I will meet Mr. Sowerby at your rooms to-morrow, on one condition," he at last said.

"And what is that?"

"That I receive your positive assurance that I am not suspected by you of having had any pecuniary interest whatever in any money matters with Mr. Sowerby, either as concerns your affairs or those of anybody else."

"I have never suspected you of any such thing. But I have thought that you were compromised with him."

"And so I am—I am liable for these bills. But you ought to have known, and do know, that I have never received a shilling on account of such liability. I have endeavoured to oblige a man whom I regarded first as your friend, and then as my own; and this has been the result."

Lord Lufton did at last give him the assurance that he desired, as they sat with their heads together over one of the coffee-room tables; and then Roberts promised that he would postpone his return to Framley till the Saturday, so that he might meet Sowerby at Lord Lufton's chambers in the Albany on the following afternoon. As soon as this was arranged, Lord Lufton took his leave and went his way.

After that, poor Mark had a very uneasy night of it. It was clear enough that Lord Lufton had thought, if he did not still think, that the stall at Barchester was to be given as pecuniary recompence in return for certain money accommodation to be afforded by the nominee to the dispenser of this patronage. Nothing on earth could be worse than this. In the first place it would be simony; and then it would be simony beyond all description mean and simoniacal. The very thought of it filled Mark's soul with horror and dismay. It might be that Lord Lufton's suspicions were now at rest; but others would think the same thing, and their suspicions it would be impossible to allay; those others would consist of the outer world, which is always so eager to gloat over the detected vice of a clergyman.

And then that wretched horse which he had purchased, and the purchase of which should have prohibited him from saying that nothing of value had accrued to him in these transactions with Mr. Sowerby! what

was he to do about that? And then of late he had been spending, and had continued to spend more money than he could well afford. This very journey of his up to London would be most imprudent, if it should become necessary for him to give up all hope of holding the prebend. As to that he had made up his mind; but then again he unmade it, as men always do in such troubles. That line of conduct which he had laid down for himself in the first moments of his indignation against Lord Lufton, by adopting which he would have to encounter poverty, and ridicule, and discomfort, the annihilation of his high hopes, and the ruin of his ambition—that, he said to himself over and over again, would now be the best for him. But it is so hard for us to give up our high hopes, and willingly encounter poverty, ridicule, and discomfort!

On the following morning, however, he boldly walked down to the Petty Bag office, determined to let Harold Smith know that he was no longer desirous of the Barchester stall. He found his brother there, still writing artistic notes to anxious peeresses on the subject of Buggins' non-vacant situation; but the great man of the place, the Lord Petty Bag himself, was not there. He might probably look in when the House was beginning to sit, perhaps at four or a little after; but he certainly would not be at the office in the morning. The functions of the Lord Petty Bag he was no doubt performing elsewhere. Perhaps he had carried his work home with him—a practice which the world should know is not uncommon with civil servants of exceeding zeal.

Mark did think of opening his heart to his brother, and of leaving his message with him. But his courage failed him, or perhaps it might be more correct to say that his prudence prevented him. It would be better for him, he thought, to tell his wife before he told any one else. So he merely chatted with his brother for half an hour and then left him.

The day was very tedious till the hour came at which he was to attend at Lord Lufton's rooms; but at last it did come, and just as the clock struck, he turned out of Piccadilly into the Albany. As he was going across the court before he entered the building, he was greeted by a voice just behind him.

"As punctual as the big clock on Barchester tower," said Mr. Sowerby "See what it is to have a summons from a great man, Mr. Prebendary."

He turned round and extended his hand mechanically to Mr. Sowerby, and as he looked at him he thought he had never before seen him so pleasant in appearance, so free from care, and so joyous in demeanour.

"You have heard from Lord Lufton," said Mark in a voice that was certainly very lugubrious.

"Heard from him! oh, yes, of course I have heard from him. I'll tell you what it is, Mark," and he now spoke almost in a whisper as they walked together along the Albany passage, "Lufton is a child in money matters—a perfect child. The dearest, finest fellow in the world, you know; but a very baby in money matters." And then they entered his lordship's rooms.

Lord Lufton's countenance also was lugubrious enough, but this did not in the least abash Sowerby, who walked quickly up to the young lord with his gait perfectly self-possessed and his face radiant with satisfaction.

"Well, Lufton, how are you?" said he. "It seems that my worthy friend Tozer has been giving you some trouble?"

Then Lord Lufton with a face by no means radiant with satisfaction again began the story of Tozer's fraudulent demand upon him. Sowerby did not interrupt him, but listened patiently to the end;—quite patiently, although Lord Lufton, as he made himself more and more angry by the history of his own wrongs, did not hesitate to pronounce certain threats against Mr. Sowerby, as he had pronounced them before against Mark Robarts. He would not, he said, pay a shilling, except through his lawyer; and he would instruct his lawyer, that before he paid anything, the whole matter should be exposed openly in court. He did not care, he said, what might be the effect on himself or any one else. He was determined that the whole case should go to a jury.

"To grand jury, and special jury, and common jury, and Old Jewry, if you like," said Sowerby. "The truth is, Lufton, you lost some money, and as there was some delay in paying it, you have been harassed."

"I have paid more than I lost three times over," said Lord Lufton stamping his foot.

"I will not go into that question now. It was settled, as I thought, some time ago by persons to whom you yourself referred it. But will you tell me this: Why on earth should Robarts be troubled in this matter? What has he done?"

"Well, I don't know. He arranged the matter with you."

"No such thing. He was kind enough to carry a message from you to me, and to convey back a return message from me to you. That has been his part in it."

"You don't suppose that I want to implicate him: do you?"

"I don't think you want to implicate any one, but you are hot-headed and difficult to deal with, and very irrational into the bargain. And, what is worse, I must say you are a little suspicious. In all this matter I have harassed myself greatly to oblige you, and in return I have got more kicks than halfpence."

"Did not you give this bill to Tozer—the bill which he now holds?"

"In the first place he does not hold it; and in the next place I did not give it to him. These things pass through scores of hands before they reach the man who makes the application for payment."

"And who came to me the other day?"

"That, I take it, was Tom Tozer, a brother of our Tozer's."

"Then he holds the bill, for I saw it with him."

"Wait a moment; that is very likely. I sent you word that you would have to pay for taking it up. Of course they don't abandon those sort of things without some consideration."

"Ten pounds, you said," observed Mark.

"Ten or twenty; some such sum as that. But you were hardly so soft as to suppose that the man would ask for such a sum. Of course he would demand the full payment. There is the bill, Lord Lufton," and Sowerby, producing a document, handed it across the table to his lordship. "I gave five-and-twenty pounds for it this morning."

Lord Lufton took the paper and looked at it. "Yes," said he, "that's the bill. What am I to do with it now?"

"Put it with the family archives," said Sowerby,—"or behind the fire, just which you please."

"And is this the last of them? Can no other be brought up?"

"You know better than I do what paper you may have put your hand to. I know of no other. At the last renewal that was the only outstanding bill of which I was aware."

"And you have paid five-and-twenty pounds for it?"

"I have. Only that you have been in such a tantrum about it, and would have made such a noise this afternoon if I had not brought it, I might have had it for fifteen or twenty. In three or four days they would have taken fifteen."

"The odd ten pounds does not signify, and I'll pay you the twenty-five, of course," said Lord Lufton, who now began to feel a little ashamed of himself.

"You may do as you please about that."

"Oh! it's my affair, as a matter of course. Any amount of that kind I don't mind," and he sat down to fill in a check for the money.

"Well, now, Lufton, let me say a few words to you," said Sowerby, standing with his back against the fireplace, and playing with a small cane which he held in his hand. "For heaven's sake try and be a little more charitable to those around you. When you become fidgety about anything, you indulge in language which the world won't stand, though men who know you as well as Robarts and I may consent to put up with it. You have accused me, since I have been here, of all manner of iniquity——"

"Now, Sowerby——"

"My dear fellow, let me have my say out. You have accused me, I say, and I believe that you have accused him. But it has never occurred to you, I daresay, to accuse yourself."

"Indeed it has."

"Of course you have been wrong in having to do with such men as Tozer. I have also been very wrong. It wants no great moral authority to tell us that. Pattern gentlemen don't have dealings with Tozer, and very much the better they are for not having them. But a man should have back enough to bear the weight which he himself puts on it. Keep away from Tozer, if you can, for the future; but if you do deal with him, for heaven's sake keep your temper."

"That's all very fine, Sowerby; but you know as well as I do——"

"I know this," said the devil, quoting Scripture, as he folded up the

check for twenty-five pounds, and put it in his pocket, "that when a man sows tares, he won't reap wheat, and it's no use to expect it. I am tough in these matters, and can bear a great deal—that is, if I be not pushed too far," and he looked full into Lord Lufton's face as he spoke; "but I think you have been very hard upon Robarts."

"Never mind me, Sowerby; Lord Lufton and I are very old friends."

"And may therefore take a liberty with each other. Very well. And now I've done my sermon. My dear dignitary, allow me to congratulate you. I hear from Fothergill that that little affair of yours has been definitely settled."

Mark's face again became clouded. "I rather think," said he, "that I shall decline the presentation."

"Decline it!" said Sowerby, who, having used his utmost efforts to obtain it, would have been more absolutely offended by such vacillation on the vicar's part than by any personal abuse which either he or Lord Lufton could heap upon him.

"I think I shall," said Mark.

"And why?"

Mark looked up at Lord Lufton, and then remained silent for a moment.

"There can be no occasion for such a sacrifice under the present circumstances," said his lordship.

"And under what circumstances could there be occasion for it?" asked Sowerby. "The Duke of Omnium has used some little influence to get the place for you as a parish clergyman belonging to his county, and I should think it monstrous if you were now to reject it."

And then Robarts openly stated the whole of his reasons, explaining exactly what Lord Lufton had said with reference to the bill transactions, and to the allegation which would be made as to the stall having been given in payment for the accommodation.

"Upon my word that's too bad," said Sowerby.

"Now, Sowerby, I won't be lectured," said Lord Lufton.

"I have done my lecture," said he, aware, perhaps, that it would not do for him to push his friend too far, "and I shall not give a second. But, Robarts, let me tell you this: as far as I know, Harold Smith has had little or nothing to do with the appointment. The duke has told the Prime Minister that he was very anxious that a parish clergyman from the county should go into the chapter, and then, at Lord Brock's request, he named you. If under those circumstances you talk of giving it up, I shall believe you to be insane. As for the bill which you accepted for me, you need have no uneasiness about it. The money will be ready; but of course, when that time comes, you will let me have the hundred and thirty for——"

And then Mr. Sowerby took his leave, having certainly made himself master of the occasion. If a man of fifty have his wits about him, and be

not too prosy, he can generally make himself master of the occasion, when his companions are under thirty.

Robarts did not stay at the Albany long after him, but took his leave, having received some assurances of Lord Lufton's regret for what had passed and many promises of his friendship for the future. Indeed Lord Lufton was a little ashamed of himself. "And as for the prebend, after what has passed, of course you must accept it." Nevertheless his lordship had not omitted to notice Mr. Sowerby's hint about the horse and the hundred and thirty pounds.

Robarts, as he walked back to his hotel, thought that he certainly would accept the Barchester promotion, and was very glad that he had said nothing on the subject to his brother. On the whole his spirits were much raised. That assurance of Sowerby's about the bill was very comforting to him; and strange to say, he absolutely believed it. In truth Sowerby had been so completely the winning horse at the late meeting, that both Lord Lufton and Robarts were inclined to believe almost anything he said;—which was not always the case with either of them.

CHAPTER XX.

HAROLD SMITH IN THE CABINET.

For a few days the whole Harold Smith party held their heads very high. It was not only that their man had been made a cabinet minister; but a rumour had got abroad that Lord Brock, in selecting him, had amazingly strengthened his party, and done much to cure the wounds which his own arrogance and lack of judgment had inflicted on the body politic of his government. So said the Harold-Smithians, much elated. And when we consider what Harold had himself achieved, we need not be surprised that he himself was somewhat elated also.

It must be a proud day for any man when he first walks into a cabinet. But when a humble-minded man thinks of such a phase of life, his mind becomes lost in wondering what a cabinet is. Are they gods that attend there or men? Do they sit on chairs, or hang about on clouds? When they speak, is the music of the spheres audible in their Olympian mansion, making heaven drowsy with its harmony? In what way do they congregate? In what order do they address each other? Are the voices of all the deities free and equal? Is plodding Themis from the Home Department, or Ceres from the Colonies, heard with as rapt attention as powerful Pallas of the Foreign Office, the goddess that is never seen without her lance and helmet? Does our Whitehall Mars make eyes there at bright young Venus of the Privy Seal, disgusting that quaint tinkering Vulcan, who is blowing his bellows at our Exchequer, not altogether unsuccessfully? Old Saturn of the Woolsack sits there mute, we will say, a relic of other days, as seated in this divan. The hall in which he rules is now elsewhere. Is our Mercury of the Post Office ever ready to fly pimbly from

globe to globe, as great Jove may order him, while Neptune, unaccustomed to the waves, offers needful assistance to the Apollo of the India Board? How Juno sits apart, glum and huffy, uncared for, Council President though she be, great in name, but despised among gods—that we can guess. If Bacchus and Cupid share Trade and the Board of Works between them, the fitness of things will have been as fully consulted as is usual. And modest Diana of the Petty Bag, latest summoned to these banquets of ambrosia,—does she not cling retiring near the doors, hardly able as yet to make her low voice heard among her brother deities? But Jove, great Jove—old Jove, the King of Olympus, hero among gods and men, how does he carry himself in these councils summoned by his voice? Does he lie there at his ease, with his purple cloak cut from the firmament around his shoulders? Is his thunder-bolt ever at his hand to reduce a recreant god to order? Can he proclaim silence in that immortal hall? Is it not there, as elsewhere, in all places, and among all nations, that a king of gods and a king of men is and will be king, rules and will rule, over those who are smaller than himself?

Harold Smith, when he was summoned to the august hall of divine councils, did feel himself to be a proud man; but we may perhaps conclude that at the first meeting or two he did not attempt to take a very leading part. Some of my readers may have sat at vestries, and will remember how mild, and for the most part, mute, is a new-comer at their board. He agrees generally, with abated enthusiasm; but should he differ, he apologizes for the liberty. But anon, when the voices of his colleagues have become habitual in his ears, when the strangeness of the room is gone, and the table before him is known and trusted, he throws off his awe and dismay, and electrifies his brotherhood by the vehemence of his declamation and the violence of his thumping. So let us suppose it will be with Harold Smith, perhaps in the second or third season of his cabinet practice. Alas! alas! that such pleasures should be so fleeting!

And then, too, there came upon him a blow which somewhat modified his triumph, a cruel, dastard blow, from a hand which should have been friendly to him, from one to whom he had fondly looked to buoy him up in the great course that was before him. It had been said by his friends that in obtaining Harold Smith's services the Prime Minister had infused new young healthy blood into his body. Harold himself had liked the phrase, and had seen at a glance how it might have been made to tell by some friendly Supplehouse or the like. But why should a Supplehouse out of Elysium be friendly to a Harold Smith within it? Men lapped in Elysium, steeped to the neck in bliss, must expect to see their friends fall off from them. Human nature cannot stand it. If I want to get anything from my old friend Jones, I like to see him shoved up into a high place. But if Jones, even in his high place, can do nothing for me, then his exaltation above my head is an insult and an injury. Who ever believes his own dear intimate companion to be fit for the highest promotion?

Mr. Supplehouse had known Mr. Smith too closely to think much of his young blood.

Consequently, there appeared an article in the *Jupiter*, which was by no means complimentary to the ministry in general. It harped a good deal on the young blood view of the question, and seemed to insinuate that Harold Smith was not much better than diluted water. "The Prime Minister," the article said, "having lately recruited his impaired vigour by a new infusion of aristocratic influence of the highest moral tone, had again added to himself another tower of strength chosen from among the people. What might he not hope, now that he possessed the services of Lord Brittleback and Mr. Harold Smith! Renovated in a Medea's caldron of such potency, all his effete limbs—and it must be acknowledged that some of them had become very effete—would come forth young and round and robust. A new energy would diffuse itself through every department; India would be saved and quieted; the ambition of France would be tamed; even-handed reform would remodel our courts of law and parliamentary elections; and Utopia would be realized. Such, it seems, is the result expected in the ministry from Mr. Harold Smith's young blood!"

This was cruel enough, but even this was hardly so cruel as the words with which the article ended. By that time irony had been dropped, and the writer spoke out earnestly his opinion upon the matter. "We beg to assure Lord Brook," said the article, "that such alliances as these will not save him from the speedy fall with which his arrogance and want of judgment threaten to overwhelm it. As regards himself we shall be sorry to hear of his resignation. He is in many respects the best statesman that we possess for the emergencies of the present period. But if he be so ill-judged as to rest on such men as Mr. Harold Smith and Lord Brittleback for his assistants in the work which is before him, he must not expect that the country will support him. Mr. Harold Smith is not made of the stuff from which cabinet ministers should be formed."

Mr. Harold Smith, as he read this, seated at his breakfast-table, recognized, or said that he recognized, the hand of Mr. Supplehouse in every touch. That phrase about the effete limbs was Supplehouse all over, as was also the realization of Utopia. "When he wants to be witty, he always talks about Utopia," said Mr. Harold Smith—to himself: for Mrs. Harold was not usually present in the flesh at these matutinal meals.

And then he went down to his office, and saw in the glance of every man that he met an announcement that that article in the *Jupiter* had been read. His private secretary tittered in evident allusion to the article, and the way in which Buggins took his coat made it clear that it was well known in the messengers' lobby. "He won't have to fill up my vacancy when I go," Buggins was saying to himself. And then in the course of the morning came the cabinet council, the second that he had attended, and he read in the countenance of every god and goddess there assembled that their chief was thought to have made another mistake. If Mr. Supple-

house could have been induced to write in another strain, then indeed that new blood might have been felt to have been efficacious.

All this was a great drawback to his happiness, but still it could not rob him of the fact of his position. Lord Brock could not ask him to resign because the *Jupiter* had written against him; nor was Lord Brock the man to desert a new colleague for such a reason. So Harold Smith girded his loins, and went about the duties of the Petty Bag with new zeal. "Upon my word the *Jupiter* is right," said young Robarts to himself, as he finished his fourth dozen of private notes explanatory of everything in and about the Petty Bag Office. Harold Smith required that his private secretary's notes should be so terribly precise.

But nevertheless, in spite of his drawbacks, Harold Smith was happy in his new honours, and Mrs. Harold Smith enjoyed them also. She certainly, among her acquaintance, did quiz the new cabinet minister not a little, and it may be a question whether she was not as hard upon him as the writer in the *Jupiter*. She whispered a great deal to Miss Dunstable about new blood, and talked of going down to Westminster Bridge to see whether the Thames were really on fire. But though she laughed she triumphed, and though she flattered herself that she bore her honours without any outward sign, the world knew that she was triumphing, and ridiculed her elation.

About this time she also gave a party—not a pure-minded conversation like Mrs. Proudie, but a downright wicked worldly dance, at which there were fiddles, ices, and champagne sufficient to run away with the first quarter's salary accruing to Harold from the Petty Bag Office. To us this ball is chiefly memorable from the fact that Lady Lufton was among the guests. Immediately on her arrival in town she received cards from Mrs. H. Smith for herself and Griselda, and was about to send back a reply at once declining the honour. What had she to do at the house of Mr. Sowerby's sister? But it so happened that at that moment her son was with her, and as he expressed a wish that she should go, she yielded. Had there been nothing in his tone of persuasion more than ordinary,—had it merely had reference to herself, she would have smiled on him for his kind solicitude, have made out some occasion for kissing his forehead as she thanked him, and would still have declined. But he had reminded her both of himself and Griselda. "You might as well go, mother, for the sake of meeting me," he said; "Mrs. Harold caught me the other day, and would not liberate me till I had given her a promise."

"That is an attraction certainly," said Lady Lufton. "I do like going to a house when I know that you will be there."

"And now that Miss Grantly is with you—you owe it to her to do the best you can for her."

"I certainly do, Ludovic; and I have to thank you for reminding me of my duty so gallantly." And so she said that she would go to Mrs. Harold Smith's. Poor lady! She gave much more weight to those few words about Miss Grantly than they deserved. It rejoiced her heart to

think that her son was anxious to meet Griselda—that he should perpetrate this little *ruse* in order to gain his wish. But he had spoken out of the mere emptiness of his mind, without thought of what he was saying, excepting that he wished to please his mother.

But nevertheless he went to Mrs. Harold Smith's, and when there he did dance more than once with Griselda Grantly—to the manifest discomfiture of Lord Dumbello. He came in late, and at the moment Lord Dumbello was moving slowly up the room, with Griselda on his arm, while Lady Lufton was sitting near looking on with unhappy eyes. And then Griselda sat down, and Lord Dumbello stood mute at her elbow.

"Ludovic," whispered his mother, "Griselda is absolutely bored by that man, who follows her like a ghost. Do go and rescue her."

He did go and rescue her, and afterwards danced with her for the best part of an hour consecutively. He knew that the world gave Lord Dumbello the credit of admiring the young lady, and was quite alive to the pleasure of filling his brother nobleman's heart with jealousy and anger. Moreover, Griselda was in his eyes very beautiful, and had she been one whit more animated, or had his mother's tactics been but a thought better concealed, Griselda might have been asked that night to share the vacant throne at Lufton, in spite of all that had been said and sworn in the drawing-room of Framley parsonage.

It must be remembered that our gallant, gay Lothario had passed some considerable number of days with Miss Grantly in his mother's house, and the danger of such contiguity must be remembered also. Lord Lufton was by no means a man capable of seeing beauty unmoved or of spending hours with a young lady without some approach to tenderness. Had there been no such approach, it is probable that Lady Lufton would not have pursued the matter. But, according to her ideas on such subjects, her son Ludovic had on some occasions shown quite sufficient partiality for Miss Grantly to justify her in her hopes, and to lead her to think that nothing but opportunity was wanted. Now, at this ball of Mrs. Smith's, he did, for a while, seem to be taking advantage of such opportunity, and his mother's heart was glad. If things should turn out well on this evening she would forgive Mrs. Harold Smith all her sins.

And for a while it looked as though things would turn out well. Not that it must be supposed that Lord Lufton had come there with any intention of making love to Griselda, or that he ever had any fixed thought that he was doing so. Young men in such matters are so often without any fixed thoughts! They are such absolute moths. They amuse themselves with the light of the beautiful candle, fluttering about, on and off, in and out of the flame with dazzled eyes, till in a rash moment they rush in too near the wick, and then fall with singed wings and crippled legs, burnt up and reduced to tinder by the consuming fire of matrimony. Happy marriages, men say, are made in heaven, and I believe it. Most marriages are fairly happy, in spite of Sir Cresswell Cresswell; and yet how little care is taken on earth towards such a result!

"I hope my mother is using you well?" said Lord Lufton to Griselda, as they were standing together in a doorway between the dances.

"Oh, yes: she is very kind."

"You have been rash to trust yourself in the hands of so very staid and demure a person. And, indeed, you owe your presence here at Mrs. Harold Smith's first cabinet ball altogether to me. I don't know whether you are aware of that."

"Oh, yes: Lady Lufton told me."

"And are you grateful or otherwise? Have I done you an injury or a benefit? Which do you find best, sitting with a novel in the corner of a sofa in Bruton Street, or pretending to dance polkas here with Lord Dumbello?"

"I don't know what you mean. I haven't stood up with Lord Dumbello all the evening. We were going to dance a quadrille, but we didn't."

"Exactly; just what I say;—pretending to do it. Even that's a good deal for Lord Dumbello; isn't it?" And then Lord Lufton, not being a pretender himself, put his arm round her waist, and away they went up and down the room, and across and about, with an energy which showed that what Griselda lacked in her tongue she made up with her feet. Lord Dumbello, in the meantime, stood by, observant, thinking to himself that Lord Lufton was a glib-tongued, empty-headed ass, and reflecting that if his rival were to break the tendons of his leg in one of those rapid evolutions, or suddenly come by any other dreadful misfortune, such as the loss of all his property, absolute blindness, or chronic lumbago, it would only serve him right. And in that frame of mind he went to bed, in spite of the prayer which no doubt he said as to his forgiveness of other people's trespasses.

And then, when they were again standing, Lord Lufton, in the little intervals between his violent gasps for fresh breath, asked Griselda if she liked London. "Pretty well," said Griselda, gasping also a little herself.

"I am afraid—you were very dull—down at Framley."

"Oh, no;—I liked it—particularly."

"It was a great bore when you went—away, I know. There wasn't a soul—about the house worth speaking to." And they remained silent for a minute till their lungs had become quiescent.

"Not a soul," he continued—not of falsehood preface, for he was not in fact thinking of what he was saying. It did not occur to him at the moment that he had truly found Griselda's going a great relief, and that he had been able to do more in the way of conversation with Lucy Robarts in one hour than with Miss Grantly during a month of intercourse in the same house. But, nevertheless, we should not be hard upon him. All is fair in love and war; and if this was not love, it was the usual thing that stands as a counterpart for it.

"Not a soul," said Lord Lufton. "I was very nearly hanging myself in the park next morning;—only it rained."

"What nonsense! You had your mother to talk to."

"Oh, my mother,—yes; and you may tell me too, if you please, that Captain Culpepper was there. I do love my mother dearly; but do you think that she could make up for your absence?" And his voice was very tender, and so were his eyes.

"And, Miss Roberts; I thought you admired her very much?"

"What, Lucy Roberts?" said Lord Lufton, feeling that Lucy's name was more than he at present knew how to manage. Indeed that name destroyed all the life there was in that little flirtation. "I do like Lucy Roberts, certainly. She is very clever; but it so happened that I saw little or nothing of her after you were gone."

To this Griselda made no answer, but drew herself up, and looked as cold as Diana when she froze Orion in the cave. Nor could she be got to give more than monosyllabic answers to the three or four succeeding attempts at conversation which Lord Lufton made. And then they danced again, but Griselda's steps were by no means so lively as before.

What took place between them on that occasion was very little more than what has been here related. There may have been an ice or a glass of lemonade into the bargain, and perhaps the faintest possible attempt at hand-pressing. But if so, it was all on one side. To such overtures as that Griselda Grantly was as cold as any Diana.

But little as all this was, it was sufficient to fill Lady Lufton's mind and heart. No mother with six daughters was ever more anxious to get them off her hands, than Lady Lufton was to see her son married,—married, that is, to some girl of the right sort. And now it really did seem as though he were actually going to comply with her wishes. She had watched him during the whole evening, painfully endeavouring not to be observed in doing so. She had seen Lord Dumbello's failure and wrath, and she had seen her son's victory and pride. Could it be the case that he had already said something, which was still allowed to be indecisive only through Griselda's coldness? Might it not be the case, that by some judicious aid on her part, that indecision might be turned into certainty, and that coldness into warmth? But then any such interference requires so delicate a touch,—as Lady Lufton was well aware.

"Have you had a pleasant evening?" Lady Lufton said, when she and Griselda were seated together with their feet on the fender of her ladyship's dressing-room. Lady Lufton had especially invited her guest into this, her most private sanctum, to which as a rule none had admittance but her daughter, and sometimes Fanny Roberts. But to what sanctum might not such a daughter-in-law as Griselda have admittance?

"Oh, yes—very," said Griselda.

"It seemed to me that you bestowed most of your smiles upon Ludovic." And Lady Lufton put on a look of good pleasure that such should have been the case.

"Oh! I don't know," said Griselda; "I did dance with him two or three times."

"Not once too often to please me, my dear. I like to see Ludovic dancing with my friends."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you, Lady Lufton."

"Not at all, my dear. I don't know where he could get so nice a partner." And then she paused a moment, not feeling how far she might go. In the meantime Griselda sat still, staring at the hot coals. "Indeed, I know that he admires you very much," continued Lady Lufton.

"Oh! no, I am sure he doesn't," said Griselda; and then there was another pause.

"I can only say this," said Lady Lufton, "that if he does do so—and I believe he does—it would give me very great pleasure. For you know, my dear, that I am very fond of you myself."

"Oh! thank you," said Griselda, and stared at the coals more perseveringly than before.

"He is a young man of a most excellent disposition—though he is my own son, I will say that—and if there should be anything between you and him——"

"There isn't, indeed, Lady Lufton."

"But if there ever should be, I should be delighted to think that Ludovic had made so good a choice."

"But there will never be anything of the sort, I'm sure, Lady Lufton. He is not thinking of such a thing in the least."

"Well, perhaps he may, some day. And now, good-night, my dear."

"Good-night, Lady Lufton." And Griselda kissed her with the utmost composure, and betook herself to her own bedroom. Before she retired to sleep she looked carefully to her different articles of dress, discovering what amount of damage the evening's wear and tear might have inflicted.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHY PUCK, THE PONY, WAS BEATEN.

MARK ROBERTS returned home the day after the scene at the Albany, considerably relieved in spirit. He now felt that he might accept the stall without discredit to himself as a clergyman in doing so. Indeed, after what Mr. Sowerby had said, and after Lord Lufton's assent to it, it would have been madness, he considered, to decline it. And then, too, Mr. Sowerby's promise about the bills was very comfortable to him. After all, might it not be possible that he might get rid of all these troubles with no other drawback than that of having to pay 130*l.* for a horse that was well worth the money?

On the day after his return he received proper authentic tidings of his presentation to the prebend. He was, in fact, already prebendary, or would be as soon as the dean and chapter had gone through the form of instituting him in his stall. The income was already his own; and the house

also would be given up to him in a week's time—a part of the arrangement with which he would most willingly have dispensed had it been at all possible to do so. His wife congratulated him nicely, with open affection, and apparent satisfaction at the arrangement. The enjoyment of one's own happiness at such windfalls depends so much on the free and freely expressed enjoyment of others! Lady Lufton's congratulations had nearly made him throw up the whole thing; but his wife's smiles re-encouraged him; and Lucy's warm and eager joy made him feel quite delighted with Mr. Sowerby and the Duke of Omnium. And then that splendid animal, Dandy, came home to the Parsonage stables, much to the delight of the groom and gardener, and of the assistant stable boy who had been allowed to creep into the establishment, unawares as it were, since "master" had taken so keenly to hunting. But this satisfaction was not shared in the drawing-room. The horse was seen on his first journey round to the stable gate, and questions were immediately asked. It was a horse, Mark said, "which he had bought from Mr. Sowerby some little time since with the object of obliging him. He, Mark, intended to sell him again, as soon as he could do so judiciously." This, as I have said above, was not satisfactory. Neither of the two ladies at Framley Parsonage knew much about horses, or of the manner in which one gentleman might think it proper to oblige another by purchasing the superfluities of his stable; but they did both feel that there were horses enough in the Parsonage stable without Dandy, and that the purchasing of a hunter with the view of immediately selling him again, was, to say the least of it, an operation hardly congenial with the usual tastes and pursuits of a clergyman.

"I hope you did not give very much money for him, Mark," said Fanny.

"Not more than I shall get again," said Mark; and Fanny saw from the form of his countenance that she had better not pursue the subject any further at that moment.

"I suppose I shall have to go into residence almost immediately," said Mark, recurring to the more agreeable subject of the stall.

"And shall we all have to go and live at Barchester at once?" asked Lucy.

"The house will not be furnished, will it, Mark?" said his wife. "I don't know how we shall get on."

"Don't frighten yourselves. I shall take lodgings in Barchester."

"And we shall not see you all the time," said Mrs. Robarts with dismay. But the prebendary explained that he would be backwards and forwards at Framley every week, and that in all probability he would only sleep at Barchester on the Saturdays and Sundays—and, perhaps, not always then.

"It does not seem very hard work, that of a prebendary," said Lucy.

"But it is very dignified," said Fanny. "Prebendaries are dignitaries of the Church—are they not, Mark?"

"Decidedly," said he; "and their wives also, by special canon law. The worst of it is that both of them are obliged to wear wigs."

"Shall you have a hat, Mark, with curly things at the side, and strings through to hold them up?" asked Lucy.

"I fear that does not come within my perquisites."

"Nor a rosette? Then I shall never believe that you are a dignitary. Do you mean to say that you will wear a hat like a common parson—like Mr. Crawley, for instance?"

"Well—I believe I may give a twist to the leaf; but I am by no means sure till I shall have consulted the dean in chapter."

And thus at the parsonage they talked over the good things that were coming to them, and endeavoured to forget the new horse, and the hunting boots that had been used so often during the last winter, and Lady Lufton's altered countenance. It might be that the evils would vanish away, and the good things alone remain to them.

It was now the month of April, and the fields were beginning to look green, and the wind had got itself out of the east and was soft and genial, and the early spring flowers were showing their bright colours in the Parsonage garden, and all things were sweet and pleasant. This was a period of the year that was usually dear to Mrs. Robarts. Her husband was always a better parson when the warm months came than he had been during the winter. The distant county friends whom she did not know and of whom she did not approve went away when the spring came, leaving their houses innocent and empty. The parish duty was better attended to, and perhaps domestic duties also. At such period he was a pattern parson and a pattern husband, atoning to his own conscience for past shortcomings by present zeal. And then, though she had never acknowledged it to herself, the absence of her dear friend Lady Lufton was perhaps in itself not disagreeable. Mrs. Robarts did love Lady Lufton heartily; but it must be acknowledged of her ladyship, that, with all her good qualities, she was inclined to be masterful. She liked to rule, and she made people feel that she liked it. Mrs. Robarts would never have confessed that she laboured under a sense of thralldom; but perhaps she was mouse enough to enjoy the temporary absence of her kind-hearted cat. When Lady Lufton was away Mrs. Robarts herself had more play in the parish.

And Mark also was not unhappy, though he did not find it practicable immediately to turn Dandy into money. Indeed, just at this moment, when he was a good deal over at Barchester, going through those deep mysteries and rigid ecclesiastical examinations which are necessary before a clergyman can become one of a chapter, Dandy was rather a thorn in his side. Those wretched bills were to come due early in May, and before the end of April Sowerby wrote to him saying that he was doing his utmost to provide for the evil day; but that if the price of Dandy could be remitted to him *at once*, it would greatly facilitate his object. Nothing could be more different than Mr. Sowerby's tone about money at

different times. When he wanted to raise the wind, everything was so important; haste and superhuman efforts, and men running to and fro with blank acceptances in their hands, could alone stave off the crack of doom; but at other times, when retaliatory applications were made to him, he could prove with the easiest voice and most jaunty manner that everything was quite serene. Now, at this period, he was in that mood of superhuman efforts, and he called loudly for the hundred and thirty pounds for Dandy. After what had passed, Mark could not bring himself to say that he would pay nothing till the bills were safe; and therefore with the assistance of Mr. Forrest of the Bank, he did remit the price of Dandy to his friend Sowerby in London.

And Lucy Robarts—we must now say a word of her. We have seen how on that occasion, when the world was at her feet, she had sent her noble suitor away, not only dismissed, but so dismissed that he might be taught never again to offer to her the sweet incense of his vows. She had declared to him plainly that she did not love him and could not love him, and had thus thrown away not only riches and honour and high station, but more than that—much worse than that—she had flung away from her the lover to whose love her warm heart clung. That her love did cling to him, she knew even then, and owned more thoroughly as soon as he was gone. So much her pride had done for her, and that strong resolve that Lady Lufton should not scowl on her and tell her that she had entrapped her son.

I know it will be said of Lord Lufton himself that, putting aside his peerage and broad acres, and handsome, sonny face, he was not worth a girl's care and love. That will be said because people think that heroes in books should be so much better than heroes got up for the world's common wear and tear. I may as well confess that of absolute, true heroism there was only a moderate admixture in Lord Lufton's composition; but what would the world come to if none but absolute true heroes were to be thought worthy of women's love? What would the men do? and what—oh! what would become of the women? Lucy Robarts in her heart did not give her dismissed lover credit for much more heroism than did truly appertain to him;—did not, perhaps, give him full credit for a certain amount of heroism which did really appertain to him; but, nevertheless, she would have been very glad to take him could she have done so without wounding her pride.

That girls should not marry for money we are all agreed. A lady who can sell herself for a title or an estate, for an income or a set of family diamonds, treats herself as a farmer treats his sheep and oxen—makes hardly more of herself, of her own inner self, in which are comprised a mind and soul, than the poor wretch of her own sex who earns her bread in the lowest stage of degradation. But a title, and an estate, and an income, are matters which will weigh in the balance with all Eve's daughters—as they do with all Adam's sons. Pride of place, and the power of living well in front of the world's eye, are dear to us all;—

are, doubtless, intended to be dear. Only in acknowledging so much, let us remember that there are prices at which these good things may be too costly. Therefore, being desirous, too, of telling the truth in this matter, I must confess that Lucy did speculate with some regret on what it would have been to be Lady Lufton. To have been the wife of such a man, the owner of such a heart, the mistress of such a destiny—what more or what better could the world have done for her? And now she had thrown all that aside because she would not endure that Lady Lufton should call her a scheming, artful girl! Actuated by that fear she had repulsed him with a falsehood, though the matter was one on which it was so terribly expedient that she should tell the truth.

And yet she was cheerful with her brother and sister-in-law. It was when she was quite alone, at night in her own room, or in her solitary walks, that a single silent tear would gather in the corner of her eye and gradually moisten her eyelids. "She never told her love," nor did she allow concealment to "feed on her damask cheek." In all her employments, in her ways about the house, and her accustomed quiet mirth, she was the same as ever. In this she showed the peculiar strength which God had given her. But not the less did she in truth mourn for her lost love and spoiled ambition.

"We are going to drive over to Hoggstock this morning," Fanny said one day at breakfast. "I suppose, Mark, you won't go with us?"

"Well, no; I think not. The pony carriage is wretched for three."

"Oh, as for that, I should have thought the new horse might have been able to carry you as far as that. I heard you say you wanted to see Mr. Crawley."

"So I do; and the new horse, as you call him, shall carry me there to-morrow. Will you say that I'll be over about twelve o'clock?"

"You had better say earlier, as he is always out about the parish."

"Very well, say eleven. It is parish business about which I am going, so it need not irk his conscience to stay in for me."

"Well, Lucy, we must drive ourselves, that's all. You shall be charioteer going, and then we'll change coming back." To all which Lucy agreed, and as soon as their work in the school was over they started.

Not a word had been spoken between them about Lord Lufton since that evening, now more than a month ago, on which they had been walking together in the garden. Lucy had so demeaned herself on that occasion as to make her sister-in-law quite sure that there had been no love passages up to that time; and nothing had since occurred which had created any suspicion in Mrs. Robarts' mind. She had seen at once that all the close intimacy between them was over, and thought that everything was as it should be.

"Do you know, I have an idea," she said in the pony carriage that day, "that Lord Lufton will marry Griselda Grantly."

Lucy could not refrain from giving a little check at the reins which she was holding, and she felt that the blood rushed quickly to her heart. But

she did not betray herself. "Perhaps he may," she said, and then gave the pony a little touch with her whip.

"Oh, Lucy, I won't have Puck beaten. He was going very nicely."

"I beg Puck's pardon. But you see when one is trusted with a whip one feels such a longing to use it."

"Oh, but you should keep it still. I feel almost certain that Lady Lufton would like such a match."

"I daresay she might. Miss Grantly will have a large fortune, I believe."

"It is not that altogether: but she is the sort of young lady that Lady Lufton likes. She is ladylike and very beautiful ——"

"Come, Fanny!"

"I really think she is; not what I should call lovely, you know, but very beautiful. And then she is quiet and reserved; she does not require excitement, and I am sure is conscientious in the performance of her duties."

"Very conscientious, I have no doubt," said Lucy, with something like a sneer in a tone. "But the question, I suppose, is whether Lord Lufton likes her."

"I think he does,—in a sort of way. He did not talk to her so much as he did to you ——"

"Ah! that was all Lady Lufton's fault, because she didn't have him properly labelled."

"There does not seem to have been much harm done?"

"Oh! by God's mercy, very little. As for me, I shall get over it in three or four years I don't doubt—that's if I can get ass's milk and change of air."

"We'll take you to Barchester for that. But as I was saying, I really do think Lord Lufton likes Griselda Grantly."

"Then I really do think that he has uncommon bad taste," said Lucy, with a reality in her voice differing much from the tone of banter she had hitherto used.

"What, Lucy!" said her sister-in-law, looking at her. "Then I fear we shall really want the ass's milk."

"Perhaps, considering my position, I ought to know nothing of Lord Lufton, for you say that it is very dangerous for young ladies to know young gentlemen. But I do know enough of him to understand that he ought not to like such a girl as Griselda Grantly. He ought to know that she is a mere automaton, cold, lifeless, spiritless, and even vapid. There is, I believe, nothing in her mentally, whatever may be her moral excellences. To me she is more absolutely like a statue than any other human being I ever saw. To sit still and be admired is all that she desires; and if she cannot get that, to sit still and not be admired would almost suffice for her. I do not worship Lady Lufton as you do; but I think quite well enough of her to wonder that she should choose such a girl as that for her son's wife. That she does wish it, I do not doubt. But I shall indeed be

surprised if he wishes it also." And then as she finished her speech, Lucy again flogged the pony. This she did in vexation, because she felt that the tell-tale blood had suffused her face.

"Why, Lucy, if he were your brother you could not be more eager about it."

"No, I could not. He is the only man friend with whom I was ever intimate, and I cannot bear to think that he should throw himself away. It's horribly improper to care about such a thing, I have no doubt."

"I think we might acknowledge that if he and his mother are both satisfied, we may be satisfied also."

"I shall not be satisfied. It's no use your looking at me, Fanny. You will make me talk of it, and I won't tell a lie on the subject. I do like Lord Lufton very much; and I do dislike Griselda Grantly almost as much. Therefore I shall not be satisfied if they become man and wife. However, I do not suppose that either of them will ask my consent; nor is it probable that Lady Lufton will do so." And then they went on for perhaps a quarter of a mile without speaking.

"Poor Puck!" at last Lucy said. "He shan't be whipped any more, shall he, because Miss Grantly looks like a statue? And, Fanny, don't tell Mark to put me into a lunatic asylum. I also know a hawk from a heron, and that's why I don't like to see such a very unfitting marriage." There was then nothing more said on the subject, and in two minutes they arrived at the house of the Hoggstock clergyman.

Mrs. Crawley had brought two children with her when she came from the Cornish curacy to Hoggstock, and two other babies had been added to her cares since then. One of these was now ill with croup, and it was with the object of offering to the mother some comfort and solace, that the present visit was made. The two ladies got down from their carriage, having obtained the services of a boy to hold Puck, and soon found themselves in Mrs. Crawley's single sitting-room. She was sitting there with her foot on the board of a child's cradle, rocking it, while an infant about three months old was lying in her lap. For the elder one, who was the sufferer, had in her illness usurped the baby's place. Two other children, considerably older, were also in the room. The eldest was a girl, perhaps nine years of age, and the other a boy three years her junior. These were standing at their father's elbow, who was studiously endeavouring to initiate them in the early mysteries of grammar. To tell the truth Mrs. Roberts would much have preferred that Mr. Crawley had not been there, for she had with her and about her certain contraband articles, presents for the children, as they were to be called, but in truth relief for that poor, much tasked mother, which they knew it would be impossible to introduce in Mr. Crawley's presence.

She, as we have said, was not quite so gaunt, not altogether so haggard as in the latter of those dreadful Cornish days. Lady Lufton and Mrs. Arabin between them, and the scanty comfort of their improved, though still wretched income had done something towards bringing her back to

Here, between honest Janin's joke
And his Turk Hecabey's answer,
I write my name upon the book:
I write my name—and bid my name

Vanitas Vanitatum.

How spake of old the Royal Seer?

(His text is one I love to treat on.)

This life of ours, he said, is sheer

Mataiotos Mataioteton.

O Student of this gilded Book,

Declare, while musing on its pages,

If truer words were ever spoke

By ancient, or by modern sages?

The various authors' names but note,*

French, Spanish, English, Russians, Germans:

And in the volume polyglot,

Sure you may read a hundred sermons!

What histories of life are here,

More wild than all romancers' stories;

What wondrous transformations queer,

What homilies on human glories!

What theme for sorrow or for scorn!

What chronicle of Fate's surprises—

Of adverse Fortune nobly borne,

Of chances, changes, ruins, rises!

Of thrones upset, and sceptres broke,

How strange a record here is written!

Of honours, dealt as if in joke;

Of brave desert unkindly smitten.

How low men were, and how they rise!

How high they were, and how they tumble!

O Vanity of vanities!

O laughable, pathetic jumble!

* Between a page by Jules Janin, and a poem by the Turkish Ambassador, in Madame de R...-s album, containing the autographs of kings, princes, poets, marshals, musicians, diplomatists, statesmen, artists, and men of letters of all nations.

Here, between honest Janin's joke
 And his Turk Excellency's firman,
 I write my name upon the book :
 I write my name—and end my sermon.

O Vanity of vanities !
 How wayward the decrees of Fate are ;
 How very weak the very wise,
 How very small the very great are !

What mean these stale moralities,
 Sir Preacher, from your desk you mumble ?
 Why rail against the great and wise,
 And tire us with your ceaseless grumble ?

Pray choose us out another text,
 O man morose and narrow-minded !
 Come turn the page—I read the next,
 And then the next, and still I find it.

Read here how Wealth aside was thrust,
 And Folly set in place exalted ;
 How Princes footed in the dust,
 While lackies in the saddle vaulted.

Though thrice a thousand years are past,
 Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
 The weary King Ecclesiast,
 Upon his awful tablets pruned it,—

Methinks the text is never stale,
 And life is every day renewing
 Fresh comments on the old old tale
 Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.

Hark to the Preacher, preaching still !
 He lifts his voice and cries his sermon,
 Here at St. Peter's of Cornhill,
 As yonder on the Mount of Hermon :

For you and me to heart to take
 (O dear beloved brother readers)
 To-day, as when the good King spake
 Beneath the solemn Syrian cedars.

W. M. THACKERAY.

Electricity and the Electric Telegraph.

Two hundred and sixty years ago, Dr. Gilbert, of Colchester, Court Physician to Elizabeth and James, published a work, entitled *Physiologia Nova, seu Tractatus de Magneti, et Corporibus Magneticis*, which comprised nearly all that was known on the subject of magnetism during the succeeding two centuries. Its chief merit lies, however, in the fact of its having formed the groundwork of electrical science. Greek philosophers had shown that when amber (*elektron*) was subjected to friction it attracted light bodies, such as feathers, or shreds of straw. Gilbert showed that this property was possessed by numerous substances, and explained the conditions under which it could be most favourably developed. Singularly enough, this remarkable treatise was severely condemned by Bacon in the *Novum Organum*. Not content with singling it out for citation as a peculiarly striking instance of inconclusive reasoning, and of truth distorted by "preconceived fancies," he elsewhere alludes to the "electric energy, concerning which Gilbert has told so many fables!" There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of even in his philosophy. A century and a half later those "fables" assumed the form of realities a thousand times more incredible. The sweeping censure of so high an authority produced its natural effect, however, and the close of the seventeenth century saw the infant science still far from development. Edmund Halley—he whose self-exile on the rock of St. Helena contributed so greatly to the increase of astronomical knowledge—had indeed hazarded some opinions on the laws of magnetism; but the task of sinking a shaft into the precious mine was reserved for more obscure, though not less ardent labourers.

In the year 1730, a pensioner of the Charterhouse, named Stephen Grey—a philosopher more distinguished by enthusiasm than by sagacity—accidentally stumbled on the fact that most bodies are divisible into two classes in relation to electricity—namely, those which resist, and those which do not resist the passage of the fluid, or the *current*, as it is frequently termed. Thus, silk thread, glass, porcelain, and resinous bodies are non-conductors; or, to use a synonymous term, *insulators*, while all the metals, acids, and water, are conductors. Although such a distinction in terms is sufficiently convenient and precise for practical purposes, still it has been recently shown that absolute non-conductibility can nowhere be found. The difference between all bodies in relation to the passage of the fluid is, therefore, simply one of degree, not of kind. The *minimum* of resistance is found in the metals, the *maximum* in certain dry gases. The metals conduct better than the acids, and the acids better than water; one metal conducts better than another; one acid better than another; one kind of water better than another, and so on.

Dufay, an acute Frenchman, subjected the discoveries of Grey to rigid

experimental tests, placed them on more philosophical bases, and established the theory of two fluids, by demonstrating the existence of what he deemed two opposite *kinds* of electricity, which he designated "vitreous" and "resinous;" the former being that evolved by rubbing glass, the latter that of gum, wax, &c. He also succeeded in transmitting a current through a wet cord to a distance of 1,800 feet.

A few years later considerable improvements were effected in the construction of apparatus. The ordinary method of evolving the fluid had been that of rubbing a glass tube on a silk or on a woollen cloth. Otto Guericke, of Magdeburg, the inventor of the air-pump, had, however, in the preceding century, employed a sphere of sulphur, revolving on a vertical, or on a horizontal axis. A cylinder of glass was now substituted, and the electric machine soon afterwards assumed its present well-known form. One of the immediate and most important results of this great improvement, was the invention of the Leyden jar, an instrument which acts as an electric condenser. It should seem that in 1746 Musschenbroek, Cuneus, and Von Kleist, of Leyden, had conceived the idea of electrifying water enclosed in a jar, to prevent the absorption of the electricity by the atmosphere. When the water seemed sufficiently charged, one of the experimentalists endeavoured to disengage the wire which led from the prime conductor of a machine, when he received a shock through his arms and breast. This startling and unexpected result created an extraordinary sensation. Musschenbroek declared that "he would not take a second shock for the kingdom of France;" whilst another philosopher "feared an ardent fever, and was obliged to have recourse to cooling medicines." The experiment was everywhere repeated; and English *savans* soon afterwards discovered that jars coated externally and internally with tinfoil served the purpose much more effectually. About the same time, Dr. Watson transmitted a shock through more than 12,000 feet of wire.

In the year 1747, Franklin instituted that series of brilliant experiments which have given his name such a conspicuous position in the earlier annals of the science. He asserted that every body is possessed, naturally, of a certain quantity of latent electricity; that the result of the process of attrition is, that one parts with a portion of its natural quantity, which is absorbed by the other. The absorbing body is "positively" electrified, whilst the other is "negatively" so. Charge a Leyden jar, and the electricity of the inside coating is *plus* (positive), whilst that of the outside is *minus* (negative). Discharge it, by establishing metallic communication between both coatings, and you simply restore the electric equilibrium which had previously existed. This ingenious theory, which implies the existence of only one fluid, and recognizes the "vitreous" and "resinous" electricities of Dufay, as simple cases of excess or deficiency, was, however, soon afterwards questioned and combated by numerous experimentalists. During several years Franklin had observed the many points of resemblance which subsist between lightning and electricity; but it was only in 1752 that he succeeded in demonstrating their identity. His preconceived

opinions on this subject, transmitted in a series of letters to London, were received with roars of laughter by the members of the Royal Society!

The names of a few members of the Royal Society of that age still retain a comparatively obscure place in the scientific annals of their country, but the self-taught philosopher of Philadelphia holds a niche in the Temple of Fame, second only to that of Newton. A few years later he discovered the great law of induction. A metallic rod was suspended by silk cords, and an excited glass tube brought near, when a *new* current, which manifested every property of that developed by ordinary means, was instantly created or *induced* in the rod, its duration corresponding precisely with the length of time during which the tube was held in proximity.

A wide field now began to open itself; the domain of the science, rapidly extending, embraced within its range many phenomena which had long baffled human ingenuity; great laws, based on a few scattered facts, were thoroughly investigated; principles, hitherto resting on a narrow induction, were placed on broader foundations; whilst accidental circumstances occasionally half unveiled the hitherto unsuspected truth that electrical science bore an intimate relation to another and an equally interesting branch of human knowledge.

All the world knows the famous story of the origin of galvanism, as recorded by Arago; how, in the year 1790, Signora Galvani, the wife of a Bolognese professor, caught cold, and had frog soup prescribed for her use—how some skinned frogs lying near an electric machine, which was accidentally set in motion, gave what seemed signs of vitality, in virtue of the law of induction; and how, on passing copper hooks through their limbs, and suspending them on an iron railing, equally strong convulsions resulted, even in the absence of any apparent exciting cause. Galvani held that the muscles and nerves were analogous to the inner and outer coatings of a Leyden jar. Volta asserted that the source of the fluid lay in the contact of two dissimilar metals, whilst Fabroni saw in this phenomenon a suggestive indication of chemical change. The keen discussion which followed, terminated in Volta's invention, in 1800, of the pile; which consisted of alternate discs of zinc and silver, separated by pieces of cloth saturated with salt and water, and subsequently of the "*couronne des tasses*," a series of cups containing a saline solution, in which plates of zinc and silver were immersed. Such were the earliest types of the voltaic, or, as it is more frequently termed, the galvanic battery. Volta first made his discovery public in a letter communicated to Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society of London; and so great was the sensation which it produced, that Napoleon, then First Consul, invited the humble professor of natural philosophy to Paris, to explain his theory before the Academy of Sciences. The result was deemed so satisfactory, that the gold medal was unanimously awarded to the inventor, whilst two thousand crowns were paid him from the public treasury. Soon after the invention of the pile, Sir Humphry Davy, and Ritter, of Munich, discovered its property of decomposing numerous chemical combinations.

In the year 1820, Oersted, of Copenhagen, a celebrated Danish philosopher, published a Latin memoir, in which he announced his discovery of the fact, that if a magnetized needle, resting in its centre of gravity on a vertical axis, be brought into close proximity and placed parallel to a wire which conveys electricity, it will indicate a tendency to deviate from its natural position, either to the right or to the left, according to the direction of the current; and if the current be sufficiently strong, the needle will place itself at right angles to the wire: in other words, instead of pointing northwards, it will turn towards the east, or towards the west.

At a later period, Schwiegger showed that if a magnetized needle, free to move, be surrounded by an insulated wire, coiled into numerous convolutions, the influence of the current on its deviation would be greatly increased. This arrangement, termed a *Multiplier*, but more frequently a *Galvanometer*, is thus described by the Abbé Moigno: "A conducting wire twisted upon itself, and forming a hundred turns, will, when traversed by the same current, produce an effect a hundred times greater than a wire with a single turn; provided always that the electric fluid pass through the circumvolutions of the wire without passing laterally from one contour to another. To make a Multiplier, you take a silver or a copper wire, of any length or size, closely enveloped in silk thread, and wind it round a small frame within which the needle is suspended on a pivot, leaving a few inches free at each extremity. These are called the two wires of the Multiplier, and when in work the current enters by one end and passes off at the other." The value of this instrument in relation to telegraphy will be afterwards seen.

The discovery of Oersted, forming, as it did, the foundation of that interesting branch of the science termed Electro-magnetism, pointed to a field richer than any which had been hitherto explored. Within a few months after the publication of Oersted's memoir, Ampère laid a paper before the Parisian Academy, which was calculated to give a powerful stimulus to further inquiry. He considered that the deviation of the needle was the result of magnetic action induced in the wire by two currents moving in opposite directions, and supported his theory by numerous ingenious contrivances for exhibiting magnetic phenomena in helices of wire.

About the same time, Arago discovered that the two wires of a battery possess the property of attracting steel-filings so long as the circuit is complete. One of the best practical results of those researches was the invention of the electro-magnet by Sturgeon—a famous electrician who had wrought at the cobbler's last, as Faraday had done at the bookbinder's press. Bars of soft iron, or rods hammered into the shape of a horseshoe, are surrounded by insulated, or, in other words, covered wire, coiled spirally, and on connecting the two ends of the wire to the two poles of a battery, the iron gives indications of much greater magnetic power than the ordinary steel magnet. The essential difference between the two, lies in the fact that the magnetism of the one is temporary, whilst that of the

other is permanent. The virtue of the soft iron is wholly dependent on the fluid. Connect its wires to a battery, and you at once confer the power; disconnect them, and you as quickly remove that power. The virtue of the steel magnet can only be removed, however, by the action of intense heat.

In the year 1834, Dr. Faraday furnished additional proof of the identity of magnetism and electricity, by showing that a current could be induced in a helix of insulated wire by the alternate approximation and withdrawal of a bar of magnetized steel—a discovery second only to the invention of the voltaic pile.

Before entering on the question of the application of electricity to telegraphy, a brief recapitulation of the great physical facts on which every attempt of the kind has been based will render the subject more intelligible to the uninitiated. Frictional, or, as it is commonly termed, *static* electricity, evolved by rubbing glass or kindred substances, is possessed of the property of attracting light substances, such as shreds of paper or pith balls. It also emits sparks, either in the process of evolution, or in its accumulated state, as in the discharge of Leyden jars. Voltaic electricity, evolved by chemical change, chemical combination, and the contact of two dissimilar metals, causes a magnetic needle to deviate from its natural position; it confers magnetism on soft iron; and it also possesses the power of decomposing numerous chemical combinations in solution. Magneto-electricity, evolved by the approximation of a bar of magnetized steel to a coil of wire, followed by its sudden withdrawal, produces effects precisely similar to those of voltaic electricity.

The question of the invention of the electric telegraph has long been a sorely vexed one. The honour has been claimed for America, for England, and for nearly every country on the continent. The scientific world is doubtless divided in its opinions as to the practicability of those early inventions which were worked by means of frictional electricity. But a series of experiments instituted in 1816, showed that the obstacles which had so frequently baffled preceding inventors, were partly of a pecuniary nature, and were not therefore absolutely insurmountable. The question, thus extricated from a labyrinth of prejudice, of conflicting claims, and of still more conflicting opinions, might therefore assume somewhat of the following historical development. One hundred and seven years ago, there appeared in the *Scots' Magazine* a remarkable letter dated from Renfrew, and headed, "An Expeditious Method for Conveying Intelligence." Premising that electricity is transmissible through a short wire without any apparent diminution of intensity, the writer shows how, in his opinion, it may be turned to practical account. Extend wires, equal in number to the letters of the alphabet, between two distant places; support them at intervals on glass fixed to solid bodies; let each wire terminate in a ball; place beneath each ball, a shred of paper on which the corresponding letter of the alphabet has been printed. Bring the further end of the first wire into contact with an excited glass tube, and the paper "A" will instantly rise

to the first ball, in virtue of the principle of attraction. Thus the whole alphabet may be represented. A series of electrical bells, decreasing in tone from "A" to "Z," may be employed instead of the paper. Possible objections are anticipated and met, by showing how the wires may be insulated throughout.

Such was the first electric telegraph invented in 1753: an instrument theoretically accurate in every detail, although rendered impracticable for any considerable distance by its cumbrous arrangement of wires. But the genius which was capable of contriving, was, no doubt, equal to the task of improving. Little is known of the inventor, beyond the fact that an elderly Scotch lady remembered a "very clever man" of obscure position, named Charles Marshall, who could make "lichtnin' write an' speak;" and who could "licht a room wi' coal-reek" (*Anglice*—coal-smoke). However humble the sphere in which he moved, Marshall was clearly a man of no ordinary intellect. Mark the significance of his words,—"*An Expeditious Method for Conveying Intelligence!*" At a time when the very alphabet of the science was unformed, he saw what had not only escaped the acute intellect of Franklin, but what had evidently never been dreamt of by men who inherited the thrones of Newton, of Halley, and of Boyle. In describing the intellectual aspects of that half-century, which not only saw Reid and Smith, Hume and Robertson, in the zenith of their fame, but gave birth to Burns, to Scott, and to Carlyle, some future Macaulay may adorn his "pictured page" by stories of humble Scotchmen, who gave to civilization the steam-engine, the steam-ship, the electric telegraph, and the gas with which we light our houses and our streets.

In the year 1774, Le Sage, a Frenchman, resident in Geneva, who has been hitherto recognized by many as the originator of electric communication, submitted a plan to Frederick of Prussia, which differed so slightly from that which we have just described, that an account of it might seem a *rifacimento* of the letter of Charles Marshall. The next we read of, that of M. Lomond, appeared in 1787, and consisted of only one wire; the signals being indicated by the attraction and repulsion of pith balls. Arthur Young—who explains the *modus operandi* in his *Travels*—describes the inventor as a "very ingenious and inventive mechanic." "As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect," says the clever and vivacious advocate of *la grande culture*, "*a correspondence might be carried on at any distance.*" Other projects followed, in some of which the active principle was that of the discharge of Leyden jars; the first suggestion of which was made so early as 1767, by a professor of natural philosophy in Rome, named Bozulus, and not by Cavallo, as has been hitherto supposed. Each and all of those attempts may, however, be justly regarded as experiments, as it was not until 1816 that their practicability for a distance of eight or ten miles was satisfactorily demonstrated by Mr. Ronalds, of Hammersmith; who, by the provision of perfect insulation, overcame, to some extent, the difficulties which had so frequently baffled his predecessors. About that period, however, the superiority of

voltaic electricity over that of friction for such purposes became apparent. The former is regular, controllable, and easily held in its legitimate channel, whilst the latter is unsteady, and remarkable for its high tension, escaping easily from its conductors.

During the succeeding twenty years several inventions appeared, some of which were failures, whilst others were more or less successful on a limited scale. Still, grave doubts existed, even in the minds of some distinguished philosophers, as to the practicability of such schemes for great distances, until Professor Wheatstone asserted, in 1834, that the velocity of electricity exceeded 280,000 miles in a second. Three years later, he, in conjunction with Mr. Cooke, patented an invention which, in one sense, deserves to be recognized in the same light as the first steam-engine of Watt; and which, after having undergone numerous improvements, ultimately assumed the form of that "double-needle" instrument so common in this country. On the night of the 25th of June, 1837, this famous invention was subjected to trial in the presence of several distinguished men;—prominent among whom was the late Robert Stephenson. Wires stretching from Euston Square to Camden Town were connected with the instruments. At the one end stood the able and energetic Mr. Cooke, at the other his coadjutor, Professor Wheatstone. The experiment was successful. "Never," says one of the inventors, "never did I feel such a tumultuous sensation before, as, when all alone in the still room, I heard the needles click; and as I spelled the words, I felt all the magnitude of the invention, now proved to be practicable beyond cavil or dispute."

Another instrument, most extensively employed, is the recording one, invented in the autumn of 1837, by Professor Morse. In a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, written in September of that year, the inventor says:—"About five years ago, on my voyage home from Europe, the electric experiment of Franklin upon a wire some four miles in length was casually recalled to my mind in a conversation with one of the passengers, in which experiment it was ascertained that the electricity travelled through the whole circuit in a time apparently instantaneous. It immediately occurred to me, that if the presence of electricity could be made visible in any part of this circuit, it would not be difficult to construct a system of signs, by which intelligence could be instantaneously transmitted. From the pressure of unavoidable duties, I was compelled to postpone my experiments, and was not able to test the whole plan, until within a few weeks. The result has realized my most sanguine expectations."

In the following year Mr. Edward Davy patented an electro-chemical recording instrument, which formed the basis of the "printing" one of Bain, an obscure clockmaker from Watten in the "far north," whose ingenuity gave a powerful impetus to the art of telegraphy in the earlier stages of its progress.

As the "needle" instrument of Cooke and Wheatstone, the electro-magnetic one of Morse, and the electro-chemical one of Bain, form the

grand types of the telegraphic system, and are more extensively used than any other, we shall proceed to explain the relation of their component parts—the battery, the instrument, and the conductor,—with their respective modes of operation.

A battery, in its simplest and most intelligible form, consists of three elements, namely,—two plates of dissimilar metals, such as zinc and copper, and a solution of sulphuric acid and water. The moment the plates are metallically united, electricity is generated. Originating, we shall say, at the zinc, it traverses the wire, then proceeding down the copper, passes through the solution to the point whence it started. An unbroken "circuit" is thus formed, consisting of the zinc, the uniting wire, the copper, and the solution. Break the continuity of that circuit by snapping the wire, and no current can possibly be generated. Electricians have long differed in opinion as to the origin of the fluid. Volta had triumphantly shown that the mere contact of two dissimilar metals developed it, and his opinion still finds numerous advocates on the continent. The "contact theory" was combated, however, so early as 1792, by Fabroni, who, in a paper communicated to the Florentine Academy, attributed the fluid to chemical change. According to this theory, which has obtained universal assent in this country, it is the result of the union of the zinc with the oxygen of the water; the quantity of electricity being dependent on the amount of zinc oxydized. Thus chemical combination and chemical decomposition alike contribute to its generation.

To recur to our illustration. Make your uniting wire a hundred miles in length, instead of a few inches: the result, in rapidity of operation, and indeed in every respect, will be similar, save in the proportionate diminution of intensity, consequent on the greater length. Extend a wire from the zinc to a distance of one hundred miles, bury its further end in the ground, connect the copper by a short wire to the ground also, and the result will still be similar—a circumstance which obviates the necessity of "return" wires for electric telegraphs. Two theories, perhaps equally plausible, and equally consistent with certain recognized laws, have been propounded to account for this interesting phenomenon. The one implies that the current is a foreign element—something super-added to the wire, and that it must therefore be discharged into the *earth*—the great reservoir of superabundant electricity. The advocates of the other theory maintain that the fluid, starting from the zinc, traverses the long wire, and returns through the intervening ground to the copper plate. Should the question be asked, "Why should a current transmitted from Edinburgh to London not go elsewhere, rather than return to the precise point whence it started?" the answer given is, that the ground between the two places forms one half of the circuit—being equivalent to a "return" wire. A current cannot be generated in any battery unless an absolutely unbroken circuit exists—unless we provide a way, however roundabout, whereby the fluid evolved at one pole may return to the other. The battery has been in this case not inaply

compared to a loaded gun; the completion of the circuit being equivalent to the fall of the trigger. A single pair of plates produces too feeble a current for telegraphic purposes, however, and it is found necessary to multiply the number by arranging a series of zinc and copper alternately in a trough. The combined force thus obtained may be said to be proportioned to the increase in number.

The needle instrument, which is now in operation over probably 25,000 miles of wire in England and Scotland alone, is based on the principle of the deviation of a magnetic needle when subjected to electric influence. If the one end of a telegraphic wire, stretching from Edinburgh, and having its other extremity buried in the *earth* in London, be connected with the *zinc* pole of a battery which has its *copper* one in metallic contact with the ground, a current, originating at the zinc, will flow along the wire to London, plunge there into the ground, and return through the intervening earth between the two cities to the copper. If while this current is flowing, a magnetic needle be placed in close proximity to the wire at any point between the two places, it will swing round from its natural position, and place itself at right angles; thus, instead of pointing northwards, it will point, say, towards the west. Now if we reverse the connections of the battery in Edinburgh, by putting the wire into contact with the copper end, whilst the zinc is connected to the ground, the magnetic needle would still place itself at right angles to the wire; but in this case it would swing round to an opposite direction, and point eastwards. If a Schwiegger's Multiplier, as described by Moigno, be interposed at London, *so that the current will flow round its convolutions before entering the ground*, the magnetic needle placed inside will deviate from its vertical position, say to the *right*; and if the battery connections be reversed in Edinburgh as formerly, it will change to the *left*.

Such an arrangement would be to all intents and purposes an electric telegraph. Any person in Edinburgh, having control over the battery, might transmit at will a series of preconcerted signals, consisting of movements to the right and to the left, intelligible to some one in London. Now if both cities are provided with batteries and with Schwiegger's Multipliers, it is obvious that the communication could be made reciprocal, so that Edinburgh could not only speak to London, but *vice versâ*. Multipliers might also be placed in circuit at any point between the two places, so that correspondence might be carried on simultaneously between twenty different towns—the essential condition being the provision of an unbroken metallic channel throughout the whole length, however numerous the *détours* from the main line of wire. The instruments generally require two wires, and contain two multipliers at the back of the dial. The indicating needle in front of the dial is fixed on the same axis as the magnetic one enveloped in the multiplier, so that the deviations of the one correspond with those of the other. The handles are simply mechanical expedients for bringing the battery power into play; for making and breaking the circuit; or for reversing the direction of the current—in short, for

performing with rapidity and precision what we previously supposed was done by the hand. It is obvious, therefore, that if Edinburgh *sends* a message to London, his handles are moved, but if he *receives* one, his needles alone are influenced.

The alphabet is formed partly by simple, partly by complex deviations. Take the *left*-hand needle:—Two movements to the left indicate A; three, B; once right and left, C; once left and right, D; once right, E; twice, F; three times, G. The following eight letters are formed by the simple movement of the *right*-hand needle, whilst the remaining portion of the alphabet is represented by *combined* movements. The rate of transmission varies greatly, being dependent not merely on the experience of the telegraphist, but on his education and quickness of comprehension. An intelligent operator would find no difficulty in reading forty words per minute, whilst an illiterate railway signalman would find *two* sufficient for *his* comprehension in an equal space of time. This instrument possesses some undoubted advantages over others, but experience has shown that for long lines, one or other of those recording instruments, which remain to be explained, are preferable.

The "printing" telegraph of Morse, so extensively used throughout America, and which is rapidly superseding every other form on the continent, is based on the principle of electro-magnetism. We have shown how the magnetic virtue can be conferred on a piece of soft iron, or removed at will. If a steel "pricker" or style attached to the armature of an electro-magnet, having its two horns upwards, be so arranged that a ribbon of paper may pass immediately *above* it, it is obvious that when a current is passed round the magnet, the armature will be attracted, and the "pricker" will scratch the paper. Now, suppose you are in London, and that by simply depressing a key, like that of a pianoforte, you could cause a current from a battery to flow along a wire to Edinburgh, so that it would pass round the wire of an electro-magnet placed there,—it is obvious that you would cause the armature to be attracted, and the paper, if any, to be scratched. Depress the key for an instant, and you leave a small scratch, resembling that of a pin-point; depress it a little longer, and a longer scratch is left. You have here the exact *modus operandi*. A ribbon of paper is unwound by mechanism, and during this process a series of dots and dashes are scratched on it, which are translated by the telegraphist. The alphabet, as given in a recent work, runs as follows:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	
—	...	---	---	---	&c.

It will be observed that this alphabet, which reminds us of the celebrated *A* and *B* cypher of Lord Bacon, is based on two primary characters. The instrument could produce only a long line, or a series of dots, and the result is a character unsurpassed in the history of cryptography for its simplicity and ingenuity. Another interesting circumstance in connection with this alphabet is its universality. Being as intelligible to the conti-

mental telegraphist as to the English one, a message in English may be rendered with the greatest accuracy in St. Petersburg, although the Russian operator may know no language but his own.

The "printing" instrument of Bain, in use on some English lines, is based on that principle of electro-chemical decomposition which Sir Humphry Davy and Ritter so successfully elucidated. If a piece of paper, dipped in an acidulated solution of yellow prussiate of potash, be brought into connection with the *zinc* end of a battery, a steel point conveying a current from the *copper* end will leave a deep blue mark, so long as the circuit is complete. A ribbon of paper so saturated, and resembling a roll of cotton tape, is unwound by mechanism, whilst the alphabet is also formed by dots and dashes. The *modus operandi* of this instrument resembles that of Morse so closely, that the only essential difference lies in the fact of the paper being chemically prepared.

A valuable adjunct to the last two machines deserves special mention. We allude to the "Relay." A current may be too weak to influence a large magnet, or to decompose a chemical solution *directly*, yet it may be adequate to the task of influencing a small magnet, or a needle, in such a way as to bring fresh *local* battery power into play sufficient for the required purpose. Contrivances of this kind, termed "relays," are also peculiarly valuable on long lines. A battery in London may be incapable of producing intelligible signals in Copenhagen, but it may possess sufficient power to work a "relay" placed in Hamburg, and so arranged that, bringing fresh power into operation, it repeats with the utmost accuracy the signals transmitted from London; re-impelling the message to Copenhagen as rapidly and correctly as if the London current had traversed the whole length, and thus performing efficiently by mechanical means what would otherwise be inefficiently done by the human hand.

Other kinds of instruments might be deemed worthy of a detailed description, such as those in which the letters are printed in Roman capitals, or represented by an indicator revolving on a circular dial; but as they are seldom used, being peculiarly liable to derangement—and more remarkable for ingenuity than for utility—we shall content ourselves with a simple statement of the fact, that in such cases, the object is attained by the liberation of mechanism through the influence of an electro-magnet: much in the same manner, indeed, as those bells which, occasionally appended to the "needle" instrument, we often hear ringing at railway stations.

The wire, stretched on poles, which conveys the current to its destination, is generally made of iron which has been previously subjected to the process termed *galvanization*, by being raised to a high temperature and drawn through a bath of melted zinc. The sole object of this amalgamation is the prevention of oxidation, or rust. In such cases, however, the bare wire must be supported by *insulators*, made of earthenware, porcelain, or glass; which, in virtue of their non-conductibility, serve to keep the fluid to its legitimate channel,—the great object of insulation being the prevention of any escape to the ground, through

moisture or other causes. Underground wires, and those which are stretched in damp tunnels, are generally made of copper, invested with one or two coatings of gutta percha.

Another interesting branch of our subject is that of submarine telegraphy. Although, from an early period, it was obvious to those who were conversant with electrical science that an insulated wire could convey a current under water as easily as on the land, still it was not until the introduction of gutta percha as an element in the construction of telegraphs, that subaqueous communication was recognized as *un fait accompli*. A perfect non-conductor, and apparently possessed of the requisite homogeneous, plastic, and pliant properties, no substance seemed better adapted for such purposes, and in the first great trial to which it was subjected in September 1850 between France and England, the result was highly satisfactory. As the feeble experimental rope submerged on that occasion snapped, however, within a few days, submarine communication may be said to date only from October 1851, when a strong one was successfully deposited. In manufacturing a cable, the conducting medium—generally a copper wire—receives three distinct coatings of gutta percha, with a view to the prevention of leakage; it is then surrounded by one or two coatings of hemp or tow soaked in pitch, and is finally surrounded by a sheathing of galvanized iron wires, twisted longitudinally, so that it may acquire the requisite strength, protection, and flexibility.

The failure of the last effort to establish trans-Atlantic communication may be attributed to certain mechanical and engineering defects, which are not likely to operate in any future attempt. Difficulties of a much more serious nature remain, however, to be encountered. Long submarine cables are found to be practically elongated Leyden jars. The conducting wire is analogous to the internal coating, the outer metallic sheathing to the external one. The wire must, therefore, be regularly discharged of the superfluous fluid before it can be used for its legitimate purpose. It has also been found that long lines running parallel to the equator, are peculiarly susceptible of the disturbing influences of induced currents of terrestrial magnetism. Judging from such circumstances, and the results of recent experiment, we think that it would be scarcely possible to transmit more than three or four brief messages per hour by one wire to Newfoundland. There can be no doubt, however, as to the ultimate success of the Atlantic scheme, in a mechanical and engineering point of view, if the necessary conditions are scrupulously fulfilled.

In endeavouring to explain our subject, we have been influenced by a desire to illustrate essential principles rather than subsidiary details. The modifications of the battery are endless, but the fundamental principle of chemical decomposition and chemical affinity is in every case the same. The instrument may assume forms which appear widely different from those which we have selected as types, but each and all will generally be found to be based on one or other of those great physical laws which we have endeavoured to illustrate.

It is unnecessary to enter into any details as to the manifold purposes to which the electric telegraph is now applied. Already it has become an indispensable agent of civilized society—materially influencing the political, social, and commercial relations of every country in Europe. And from whatever point of view we regard it, we cannot but feel convinced that science, in this her most brilliant achievement, has placed in our hands an instrument which adds another link to that chain of causes which is slowly, silently, and imperceptibly bridging over the chasms which separate nation from nation and race from race; and whose influence on the future of civilization it is impossible to estimate. Its frail tendrils have not only penetrated into every corner of Europe—into remote lands whose religious systems and social institutions exist now as they existed at a time when our ancestors were mere barbarians, but it conveys its own significant lesson to the Indian in his wigwam, to the Hottentot in his kraal, and to the Arab in the desert.

In conclusion: What is electricity? Science has hitherto failed to answer the question satisfactorily. Some hold that it is a *state* or *condition of matter*; others, that it is an independent substance, an impalpable, imponderable, and highly elastic fluid. The nomenclature of the science is, therefore grounded, in some measure, on hypothesis. *Fluid, current, positive, negative*, are simply the convenient terms of convenient theories. We talk of electricity “traversing a wire;” but an opinion has long been gaining ground that it merely influences the molecular arrangement of the conductor: that, instead of propagating itself by a series of pulsations, it simply causes every component particle to assume certain electrical conditions. We talk of “positive” and “negative,” as if there were two distinct currents, one of which is more powerful than the other; whilst in reality this dual force is co-existent, co-active, and mutually dependent, just as if there were only one which, under certain conditions, is capable of producing diametrically opposite results. This uncertainty is by no means confined to electrical science. We produce light and heat; we throw a stone into the air with an absolute conviction that it will fall to the ground. There are laws of light and of heat, and there is a law of gravitation. But a law implies something—a force, an agency; and what are those forces or agencies? We talk proudly of “man’s dominion over nature,” of “scanning the heavens,” of “taming the lightning,” but we can see little beyond the shows of things. The shadow is there, but the substance eludes our grasp. Like the physiognomist, we may indeed decipher something of Nature from the aspect of her countenance, but we cannot see the workings of her inmost heart. The greatest philosopher among us is still, as in the days of Newton, like a child standing on the seashore. The illimitable ocean lies outstretched before him. Now and then she casts a pearl at his feet. But her richest treasures lie far down in those unfathomable depths which mortal hand can never reach, and mortal eye can never pierce.

The Portent.

III.—THE OMEN FULFILLED.

ONE day, exactly three weeks after the last recorded event, as I was sitting with my three pupils, Lady Alice entered the room, and began to look on the bookshelves for some volume she seemed to want. After a few moments, she turned, and, approaching the table, said to me, in an abrupt yet hesitating way,—

“Mr. Campbell, I cannot spell. What am I to do to learn?”

I thought for a moment, and replied: “I would recommend you to copy a passage every day from some favourite author, referring to the book constantly for the spelling. Then, if you will allow me to see it, I shall be most happy to point out to you any mistakes you may have made.”

“Thank you, Mr. Campbell: I will; but I am afraid you will despise me, when you find how deficient I am.”

“There is no fear of that,” I rejoined. “It is a mere peculiarity. So long as one can *think* well, spelling is altogether secondary.”

“Thank you: I will try,” she said, and left the room.

Next day, she brought me an old ballad, written tolerably, but in a school-girl’s hand. She had copied the antique spelling letter for letter.

“This is quite correct,” I said; “but to copy such as this will not teach you sufficiently, because this is very old, and consequently old-fashioned.”

“Is it old? Don’t we spell like that now? You see I do not know anything about it. You must set me my tasks then.”

This I undertook with more pleasure than I dared to show. Every day she brought me the appointed exercise, written with a steadily improving hand. To my surprise, I never found a single error in the spelling. Of course, when, advancing a step in the process, I made her write from my dictation, she did make blunders, but not so many as I had expected; and she seldom repeated one after correction.

This new association gave me many opportunities of doing far more for her than merely teaching her to spell. We talked about the portions she copied; and I had to explain and tell her about the writers. Soon she expressed a desire to know something of figures. We commenced arithmetic, and I proposed geometry along with it. I found the latter especially fitted to her powers. One by one we included several other necessary branches; and ere long, I had four around the study-table—equally my pupils. Whether the efforts previously made had been insufficient or misdirected, or whether her intellectual powers had commenced a fresh growth, I could not tell, but I partly leaned to the latter conclusion; especially when I observed that the peculiarity of her

remarks had become somewhat modified in form, though without losing any of their originality. The unearthliness of her beauty likewise disappeared, a slight colour displacing the almost marbly whiteness of her cheek.

Long before Lady Alice had made this progress, my nightly struggles had begun to diminish in violence, and had now entirely ceased. The temptation had left me. I felt certain that for many weeks she had never walked in her sleep. She was beyond my power, and I was glad of it.

At length the change in Lady Alice's habits and appearance seemed to have attracted the attention of Lady Hilton; for one morning she appeared at the door of the study and called her. Lady Alice rose, with a slight gesture of impatience, and went to her. In a few minutes she returned, looking angry and determined, and resumed her seat. But whatever had passed between them, it had destroyed that quiet flow of the feelings which was necessary to the working of her thoughts. In vain she tried: she could do nothing correctly. At last she burst into tears and left the room. I was almost beside myself with distress and apprehension. She did not return that day. Next morning she entered at the usual hour, looking composed, but paler than of late, and with signs of recent weeping. When we were all seated, and had commenced work, happening to look up, I caught her eyes intently fixed on me. They dropped instantly, but without any appearance of confusion. She went on with her arithmetic, and succeeded tolerably. But this peace was of short duration. Lady Hilton again entered and called her. She rose angrily, and my quick ear caught the half-uttered words: "That woman will make an idiot of me again." She did not return; and never from that moment resumed her place at the study-table.

The time passed heavily. She appeared at dinner, looking proud and constrained; and spoke only in monosyllables. Day followed day, the one the child of the other. But her old paleness and unearthly look began to reappear; and, strange to tell, my midnight temptation revived. After a time she ceased to dine with us, and for days I never saw her. It was the old story of suffering, only more intense than before. The day was dreary, and the night stormy.

I was lying on the floor of my room one midnight, with my face on my hands, when I suddenly heard a low, sweet, strange voice singing somewhere. The moment I became conscious that I heard it, I felt as if I had been listening to it unconsciously for some minutes past. I lay still, whether charmed so as to be unable to rise, or only fearful of breaking the spell, I do not know. As I lay, the feeling came over me that I was in bed in a castle, on the sea-shore; that the wind was coming from the sea every now and then in chill *eerie soughs*, and that the waves were falling with a kind of threatful tone upon the beach, murmuring many maledictions, and whispering many keen and cruel portents, as they drew back, hissing and gurgling, through the million narrow ways of the pebbly

ramparts; and that a maiden in white was standing in the cold wind by the angry sea, singing. Filled as with a dream-belief, but overpowered by the spell of the music, I still lay and listened. Keener and stronger, under the impulses of my will, grew the power of my hearing. At last I could clearly distinguish the words. The ballad was *Annie of Lochroyan*. I had shown it once to Lady Alice. It was she who was singing it. I sprang to my feet, opened the hidden door—and there she stood. I did not speak, but stepped aside. She passed me and entered the room. I closed the door. When I re-entered, she already lay still and restful upon the couch, covered with my plaid. I sat beside her, and gazed upon her, waiting. It was strange: she could sing too. That she was possessed of very superior intellectual powers, whatever might be the cause of their having lain dormant so long, I had already fully convinced myself; but I was not prepared to find art as well as intellect. Here was a song, of her own making as to the music, so true and so potent, that before I knew anything of the words, it had surrounded me with a very dream of the kind of place in which the scene of the ballad was laid. It did not then occur to me that perhaps our idiosyncracies were such as not to require even the music of the ballad to produce *rapport* between our minds, and generate in the brain of the one the vision present in the brain of the other. It seemed that some obstruction in the gateways outward prevented her, in her waking hours, from being able at all to utter herself; and that this very obstruction, damming back upon their sources the outgoings of life, threw her into this abnormal sleep; in which the impulse to utterance, still unsatisfied, so wrought within her unable yet compliant form, that she could not rest, but rose and walked. And now, in this condition, a fresh surge from the unknown sea of her hidden being, unrepressed by the *hitherto* of the objects of sense, had burst the gates and bars, swept the obstructions from its path, and poured from her in melodious song.

The germs of these thoughts appeared in my mind while I sat and gazed on the sleeping girl. Once more I had the delight of watching a spirit-dawn, a soul-rise, in that lovely form. The light flushing of the circumjacent pallors was the first sign, as before. But I dreaded the flash of lovely flame, and the outburst of "low melodious thunder," ere I should have time to say that no blame lay at my door. At length, the full dawn, the slow sunrise came, but with all the gentleness of a cloudy summer morn. Never did a more "celestial rosy red" hang about the skirts of the level sun than deepened and glowed upon her face, when, opening her eyes, she saw me beside her. She covered her face with her hands for a moment; and instead of the words of indignant reproach which I dreaded to hear, she murmured behind the snowy screen: "I am glad you have broken your promise."

My heart gave a bound and was still. I grew faint with delight. "No," I said; "I have not broken my promise, Lady Alice; I have struggled nearly to madness to keep it,—and I have kept it."

"I have come then of myself. Worse and worse! But it is their fault."

The silent tears now found their way through the repressing fingers. I could not endure to see her weep. I kneeled beside her, and while she still covered her face with her hands, I said—I do not know what I said. They were wild, and, doubtless, foolish words in themselves. When I ceased to speak, I knew that I had ceased only by the great silence around me. I was still looking at her hands. Slowly she withdrew them. It was as when the sun breaks forth on a cloudy day. The winter was over and gone; the time of the singing of birds had come. She smiled, looking at me through her tears, and heart met heart in the light of that smile. She rose to go, and I begged for no delay—I only stood with clasped hands gazing at her. She turned when she had reached the door, and said: “I daresay I shall come again; I am afraid I cannot help it; only mind you do not wake me.” Before I could reply, I was alone.

I laid myself on the couch she had left, but not to sleep. A new pulse of life, stronger than I could bear, seemed throbbing within me. I dreaded a fever, lest I should talk in it, and drop the clue to my secret treasure. But the light of the morning stilled me, and a bath in ice-cold water made me feel strong again. Yet I felt all that day as if I were dying a most delicious death, and going to a yet more exquisite life. As far as I might, however, I sought to repress all indications of my delight; and endeavoured, for the sake both of duty and prudence, to be as attentive to my pupils and their studies as it was possible for man to be. This likewise helped to keep me in my right mind. But more than all, the pain, which, as far as my experience goes, invariably accompanies, and even sometimes seems to usurp the place of the pleasure which gave it birth, was efficacious in keeping me sane. Night came, but no Lady Alice. It was a week before I saw her again. Her heart seemed to have been stilled, and she was able to sleep aright.

Seven nights after she came. I waited her awaking as usual, but possessed with one painful thought, which I longed to impart to her. She awoke with a smile, covered her face for a moment, but only for a moment, and then sat up. I sat beside her, took her hand, and said: “Lady Alice, ought I not to go?”

“No,” she replied at once. “I claim from them your stay as some compensation for the wrong which I cannot now doubt they have been trying to do me. Do you know in what relation I stand to Lord and Lady Hilton? They are but my stepmother and her husband.”

“I know that.”

“Well, I have a fortune of my own, about which I never thought or cared—till—till—within the last eight days. Lord Hilton is my guardian. Whether they helped to make me the stupid creature I *was*, I do not know; but I believe they have reported my peculiarities to be greater and more extravagant than they are, in order to prevent people from inviting me or coming to see me. They prevented my going on with my lessons, because they saw I was getting to understand things, and grow like other people, and that would not suit their purposes. It would be false delicacy

in you to leave me to their power, when you can make me such rich amends for their injustice. Their behaviour to me deprives them of the rights of guardianship, while it frees you from any obligation of honour, by substituting the obligations of justice and mercy."

I was astonished to hear her talk in this way; and was very willing to be persuaded to what was so unspeakably my desire. But whether the reasoning was quite just or not, I am not yet sure. Perhaps it might be so for her, and yet not for me; I do not know; I am a poor casuist.

She went on, laying her other hand upon mine:—

"It would be to tell the soul which you have called forth, to go back into its dark moaning cavern, and never more come out to the light of day."

This I could not resist. A long pause ensued.

"It is strange," said she, "to feel, when I lie down at night, that I may awake in your presence, without knowing how; and that, although I should be utterly ashamed to come wittingly, I feel no confusion when I find myself here. When I feel myself coming awake, I lie for a little while with my eyes closed, wondering and hoping, and afraid to open them, lest I should find myself only in my own chamber; shrinking a little too—just a little—from the first glance into your face."

"But when you awake, do you know nothing of what has taken place in your sleep?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Have you no vague sensations, no haunting shadows, no dim ghostly moods, seeming to belong to that condition, left?"

"None whatever."

She rose, said "Good-night," and left me.

Again seven days passed before she re-visited me. Indeed, her visits had always an interval of days between, amounting to seven, or a multiple of seven. But since the last a maddening jealousy had seized me. For did she not sometimes awake with a smile, returning from those unknown regions into which her soul had wandered away, and where she had stayed for hours? How could I know that she did not lead two distinct existences?—that she had not some loving spirit, or man who had left the body behind like her, for a time, who was all in all to her in that region, and whom she forgot when she forsook it, as she forgot me when she entered it. It was a thought I could not brook. But I bore it as well as I could, till she should come again; for I could not now endure the thought of compelling the attendance of her unconscious form; of making her body, like a living cage, transport to my presence the unresisting soul. I shrank from it, as a true man would shrink from kissing the lips of a sleeping woman whom he loved, if he did not know that she loved him in return. It may well be said that to harbour such a doubt was "to inquire too curiously;" but once the thought had begun, and grown, and been born, how was I to slay the monster, and be free of its hated presence? Was it not a possibility? Yet how could even she help me,

for she knew nothing about it? How could she vouch for the unknown? What news could the serene face of the moon, ever the same to us, give of the hidden half of herself turned towards what seems to us but the blind and abysmal darkness, which yet has its own light and its own love? All I could do was to see her, that I might tell her, and be comforted at least by her smile.

My saving angel glided blind into my room, lay down upon her bier, and awaited the resurrection. I sat and waited for mine, longing to throw from my heart the cold death-worm that twisted and twined around it, but unable to refrain from picturing to myself a glow of love on the averted face of the beautiful spirit, bending towards a radiant companion all that light which had been withdrawn from the vacant but still lovely form by my side. The light began to return. "She is coming, she is coming," I said within me. "Back from its glowing south travels the sun of my spring, the glory of my summer." Floating slowly up from the infinite depths of her being, came the conscious woman; up—from the unseen stillness of the realms that lie deeper than the plummet of self-knowledge can sound; up from the formless, up into the known, up into the material, up to the windows that look forth on the imbodied mysteries around. Her eyelids rose. One look of love almost slew my fear. When I told her my grief, she said with a smile of pity, yet half of disdain at the thought, "If ever I find it so, I will kill myself there, that I may go to my Hades with you. But, indeed, how is it that if I am dreaming of another, I always rise in my vision and come to you? You will go crazy if you fancy such foolish things." The spectral thought vanished, and I was free. "Shall I tell you," she continued, covering her face with her hands, "why I behaved so proudly to you from the first day you entered the house, and what made me so fierce when I first found myself in your room? It was because, when I passed you as you walked towards the house on your arrival, I felt a strange, undefinable attraction towards you, which continued, although I could not account for it and would not yield to it. I was heartily annoyed at it. But you see," she added, with a smile, "it was of no use—here I am."—She never came to my room again.

When day after day passed, and the longing to speak to her grew and remained unsatisfied, new doubts arose. Perhaps she was tired of me. Perhaps her new studies filled her mind with the clear, gladsome morning light of the pure intellect, which always throws doubt and distrust and a kind of negation upon the moonlight of passion, mysterious, and mingled ever with faint shadows of pain. I walked as in an unresting sleep. Utterly as I loved her, I was yet alarmed and distressed to find how entirely my being had grown dependent upon her love; how little of individual, self-existing, self-upholding life I seemed to have left; how little I cared for anything, save as I could associate it with her.

In the midst of this despondency, I was sitting, late one night, in my room. I had almost given up every hope of her coming. It

seemed that I had deprived her of the power. I was brooding over this, when I suddenly felt as if I were looking into the haunted room. It seemed to be lighted by the moon shining through the stained windows. The feeling came and went suddenly, as such visions of places generally do; but this had something about it more clear and real, than such unforeseen resurrections of the past commonly possess; and a great longing seized me to look into the room once more. I rose as if yielding to the irresistible, left my room, groped my way through the hall and up the oak staircase (for I had never thought of taking a light with me), and entered the corridor. No sooner had I entered it than the thought sprang up in my mind—"What if she should be there!" and, like a wounded deer, my heart stood still for a moment, and then bounded on, with a pang in every bound. The corridor was ghostly still, with only a dim, bluish-gray light from the windows, hardly sufficing for more than to mark their own spaces. I stole through it, and, without erring once, went straight to the haunted chamber. The door stood half open. I entered, and was bewildered by the dim, mysterious, dreamy loveliness upon which I gazed. The moon shone full upon the windows, and a thousand coloured lights and shadows crossed and intertwined upon the walls and floor, all so soft, and mingling, and undefined, that the brain was filled as with a flickering dance of ghostly rainbows. But I had little time to think of these; for out of the only dark corner in the room came a white figure, flitting across the chaos of lights, bedewed, sprinkled, bespattered, as she passed, with their multitudinous colours. I was speechless, motionless, with something far beyond joy. With a low moan of delight, Lady Alice sank into my arms. Then looking up, with a light laugh—"The scales are turned, dear," she said; "you are in my power now: I brought you here. I thought I could, and I tried, for I wanted so much to see you—and you are come." She led me across the room to the spot where she had been seated, and we sat side by side.

"I thought you had forgotten me," I said, "or had grown tired of me."

"Did you? That was unkind. You have made my heart so still, that, body and soul, I sleep at night."

"Then shall I never see you more?"

"We can meet here; this is the best place. No one dares come near the haunted room at night. We might even venture in the evening. Look, now, from where we are sitting, across the air, between the windows and the shadows on the floor. Do you see nothing moving?"

I looked, but could see nothing. She resumed:—

"I almost fancy sometimes that what my old nurse has told me about this room, may be partly true. I could fancy now that I see dim transparent forms in ancient armour, or in strange antique dresses, men and women, moving about, meeting, speaking, embracing, parting, coming and going. But I was never afraid of such beings. I am sure *these* would not—could not hurt us."

As she spoke, either from my imagination becoming more active and operating on my brain, or from the mysterious communication of her fancies to me, or that the room was really what it was well fitted to be—a rendezvous for the ghosts of the past—I almost, if not altogether, fancied that I saw such dim undefined forms, of a substance only denser than the moonlight, flitting, fleeting, and floating about between the windows and the illuminated floor. Could they have been any of the coloured shadows thrown from the stained glass upon the fine dust with which the slightest motion in such an old and neglected room must fill its atmosphere? But then I did not think of that.

"I could persuade myself that I too see them," I replied; "and I cannot say that I am much afraid of such beings either—if only they will not speak."

"Ah!" she replied, with a lengthened, meaning utterance, as if it rose from a hidden thought, which sympathized with what I said: "I know what you mean. I too am afraid of hearing things. And that reminds me, I have never yet been able to ask you about the galloping horse. I too hear the sound of a loose horse-shoe sometimes; and it always betokens some evil to me; but I do not know what it means. Do you?"

"Do you know," I rejoined, "that your family and mine are connected, somewhere far back in their history?"

"No. Are they? How glad I am! Then perhaps you and I are related, and that is how we are so much alike, and have power over each other, and hear the same things."

"Yes. I suppose that is the reason."

"But can you account for that sound which we both hear now and then?"

"I will tell you what my old foster-mother told me," I replied.

I began by narrating when and where I had first heard the sound; and then repeated, as nearly as I could, the whole of the legend which nurse had recounted to me, omitting, however, its association with the events of my birth, for I feared exciting her imagination too much. She listened to it very quietly, and then only said: "Of course, we cannot tell how much of it is true, but there may be something in it. I have never heard anything of the sort, and I too have an old nurse. She is with me still. You shall see her some day."

She rose to go.

"Will you meet me here again soon?" I said.

"As soon as you wish," she answered.

"Then to-morrow, at midnight?"

"Yes."

And we parted at the door of the haunted chamber. I watched the flickering with which her whiteness just set the darkness in motion and nothing more, seeming to see it long after I knew she must have turned aside to descend the steps leading towards her own room. Then I turned and groped my way back to mine.

We often met after this in the haunted room. Indeed my spirit haunted it all day and all night long. And when we met amid the shadows, we were wrapt in the mantle of love, and from its folds looked out fearlessly on the ghostly world about us. Ghosts or none, they never annoyed us. Our love was a talisman, yea, an elixir of life, which made us equal to the twice-born,—the disembodied dead. And they were as a wall of fear about us, to keep far off the unfriendly foot and the prying eye. Gladly would I die for a thousand years, might I then awake for one night in the haunted chamber, a ghost among the ghosts who crowd its stained moonbeams, and see my dead Alice smiling across the glimmering rays, and beckoning me to the old nook, she, too, having come awake, out of the sleep of death, in the dream of the haunted chamber. Might we but sit there through the night, as of old, and love and comfort each other, till the moon go down, and the pale dawn, which is the night of the ghosts, begin to arise, then gladly would I go to sleep for another thousand years, with the hope that when I next became conscious of life, it might be in another such ghostly night, in the chamber of the ghosts.

* * * * *

The weeks went by. We met for the last time in that fear-sentried room, and arranged everything for our flight. This concluded, we sat silent for a few moments. It occurred to me, for the first time, to ask Alice how old she was.

"Nineteen, almost twenty," was her reply. "I never think of my age without recalling one circumstance connected with my birth, to which my nurse often refers: that, when she was summoned to my mother's bedside, she saw, in passing up the stair, a bright star just within the tip of the crescent moon; and that before it had passed over, I was born; for as she crossed the room with me in her arms, she saw it just at the opposite horn. My mother was very ill; and a week after, she died. Who knows how different I might have been had she lived!"

How long it was before I spoke, I do not know; but the awfully mysterious thoughts roused in my mind by these few words, held me long silent. At length I was just able to say, without any intention of imparting the accompanying thoughts,—*"Then you and I, Alice, were born the same hour, and our mothers died the same day."* Receiving no answer, I looked round to her face: she had been sitting for some time with my arm round her, and her head lying on my shoulder. She was fast asleep, and breathing gentle, full breaths. I could not bear to wake her.

We had continued in this position, perhaps for half an hour, when suddenly a cold shiver ran through me, and all at once I became aware of the far-off gallop of a horse. It drew nearer. On and on it seemed to come, till I distinguished, or thought I distinguished, quite plainly, the clank of the broken shoe. At that moment Lady Alice started from her sleep, and springing to her feet, stood one moment listening, then crying out,—*"The horse with the clanking shoe!"* flung her arms

around me, her face white as the spectral moon which looked in through a clear pane beside us, and gazed fearfully, yet wildly defiant towards the door. We clung to each other. We both heard the sound come nearer and nearer, till it seemed to thunder right up to the very door of the room, terribly loud. It ceased. But that moment the door was flung open, and Lord Hilton entered, followed by servants with lights.

* * * * *

I suppose I fainted from the loss of blood, for when I came to myself, I found myself lying on a wide moor, with the night-wind blowing about me. I was left with my memories and my hopes, though sometimes despair blotted both from my brain.

I enlisted as a private in the Scotch Greys, rose from the ranks to a commission; and after the battle of Waterloo, rode into Brussels with a broken arm and a sabre-cut in the head. As we passed through one of the streets, I heard a cry which I knew. I looked up. At a barred window I saw her face; but, alas!—I will not tell what I saw—I dropped from my horse. As soon as I could move, I went to the place, and found it was an asylum for the insane; but when permitted to see the inmates, discovered no one resembling her.

I know not whether she is alive or dead. I have sought her far and near; have wandered over England, France, and Germany, hopelessly searching; listening at *tables-d'hôte*; lurking about madhouses; haunting theatres and churches; often begging my way from house to house in wild regions: I have not found her. I have made my way, unseen, to the ghostly chamber; have sat there through the phantom-crowded night: she was not amongst them. I have condensed my whole being into a single intensity of will, that she should come to me, and sustained it until I fainted with the effort: she did not come. I desisted, because I bethought me what torture it must cause her, not to be able to obey it.

They say that Time and Space exist not, save in our thoughts. If so, then that which has been, is, and the past can never cease. She is mine, and I shall find her—what matters it where, or when, or how? Till then, my soul is but a moon-lighted chamber of ghosts; and I sit within, the dreariest of them all. When she enters, it will be a home of love; and I wait—I wait.

A Musical Instrument.

I.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river?

II.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

III.

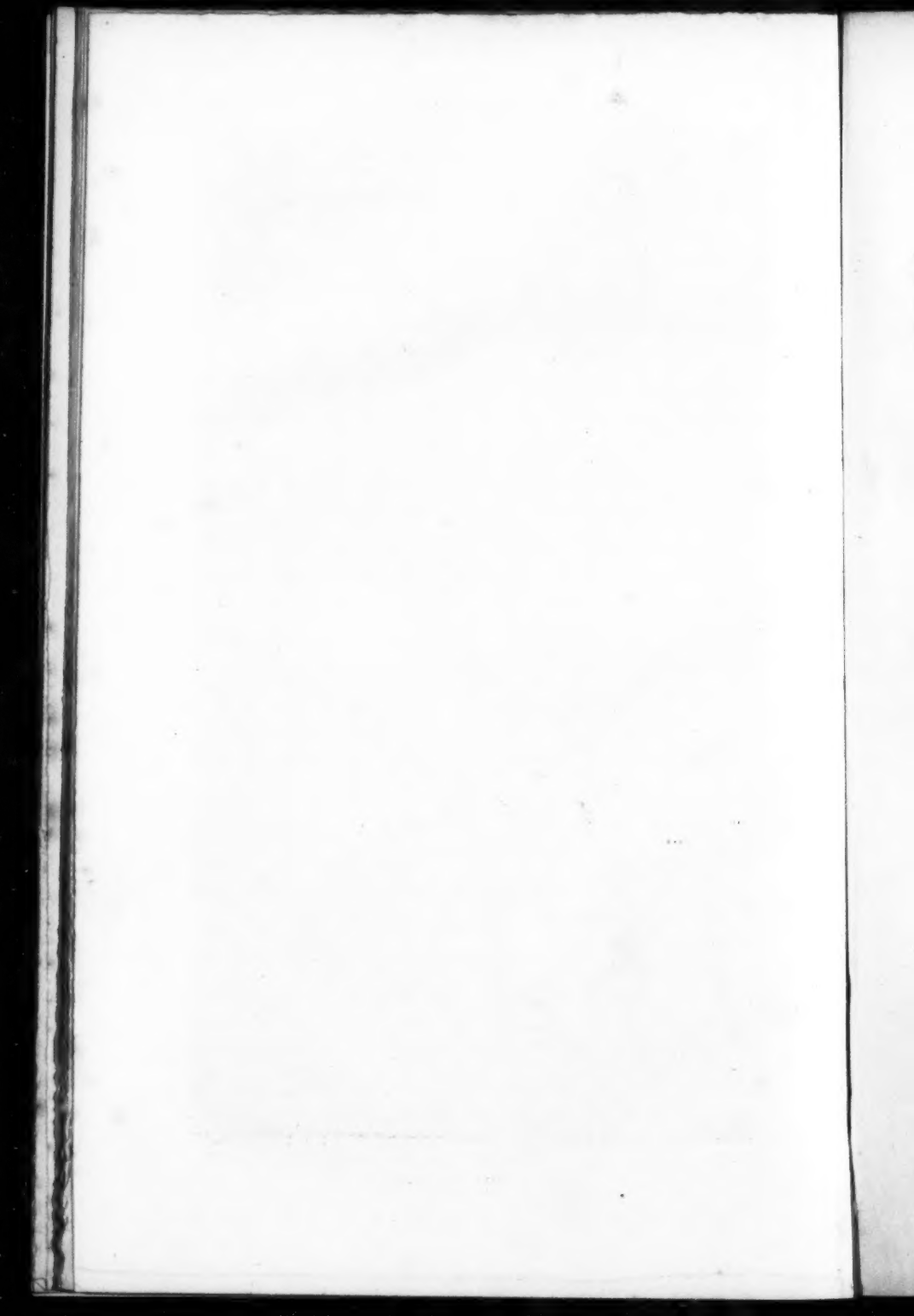
High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and bewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

IV.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes as he sate by the river.



"THE GREAT GOD PAN."



V.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river!)

"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

VI.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

VII.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Adulteration, and its Remedy.

THERE is a certain ugly little monster of most insidious habits, and endowed with the power of rendering himself invisible, of assuming a variety of forms and shapes, and of being almost ubiquitous. He not only infests our clothes—the cloth of men's coats, and the silk of ladies' dresses—but he is to be found concealed in most of the articles we consume, whether food or drink. Indeed, he is scarcely ever absent from a single meal of which we partake; being found alike at the breakfast, the dinner, and the supper table. At breakfast he lies hidden in the milk-jug, the butter-dish, and the tea or the coffee pot; at dinner, in the sauces, in the cayenne, in the beer, and even in the bright red wine with which we would cheer ourselves; while, at night, the rascal often hides himself in the tumbler of punch, which so many are accustomed to take, and regard in the light of a composing draught.

His great desire seems to be to make his way into our stomachs, and, when there, to work all the mischief in his power—giving us headaches, making us sick, and disordering our systems in a variety of ways: he won't even allow us to smoke our pipes in peace; and, as to taking a pinch of snuff without his making his way into our nostrils, that is quite out of the question. Not only is his presence almost universal, but he may be found in a variety of places and articles at one and the same time.

He is not only a Protean but even a seductive monster, resembling, in his power of assuming different forms, the Evil One, who now in the form of a serpent, now in that of a toad, tempted our first parents. Sometimes he tempts us through our eyes, making things poisonous and deadly look attractive and inviting; especially bottled fruits, pickles, and the sweets and bonbons which we give to our children; at others, he tempts us through the palate by adding grains of paradise to gin, or through the nose, as when he augments the pungency of snuff by mixing with it the deleterious and stinging chromates of potash.

Add to these characteristics the further one that he possesses the power of haunting us with the fear of his presence, thus working almost as much harm as though he were really present.

Lastly, the monster has a provoking way of insinuating that he lurks in our coffee, cocoa or mustard, not for any evil purpose, but entirely for our good: for the advantage of our pockets, and the benefit of our health. The name by which this strange, disgusting, and poisonous demon is known, is—ADULTERATION.

Some acquaintances of ours, a certain Eve and Adam, had a great horror of this pestilent little intruder, and resolved to guard themselves in every possible way against his attacks. They examined the bread and other articles they consumed, and for a time thought themselves secure;

but in an unguarded and unlucky moment, Eve saw in a shop-window some West India pickles, presenting a most verdant and attractive appearance. She hastened to secure the prize, took them home and tempted the unfortunate Adam with them; he also was deceived, and they both partook of what should have been to them forbidden fruit. Soon they were seized with certain qualms—not as in the case of their progenitors, of conscience—but of sickness, with cramps, diarrhoea, headache, and other suspicious symptoms. Suddenly the thought rushed into Adam's mind, "Have I been caught at last? has that fiend Adulteration poisoned me?" Possessing some chemical lore, he thrust into the too tempting pickles the bright blade of a steel knife, and, after a time, to his horror and consternation, drew the monster forth in the form of a layer of copper sheathing the knife. Here, then, was the cause of all the mischief—of the danger to his own life and that of his deluded Eve.

It is very obvious that something must be done to put a stop to the vicious pranks of this domestic pest; but possessing as he does the qualities of ubiquity and invisibility, and the Protean power of assuming different shapes, it is difficult to determine how most effectually he may be dealt with.

Some may exclaim, "Fine him." Ah! but he is rich, and would scarcely care for your fines: he does not play all these tricks with our bread, beer, and wine, for nothing; being a consummate rogue, he has grown rich by cheating. Indeed, he thinks little of making his way into your breeches' pocket, and transferring the money therein contained to his own. Your fines, then, would not stop him in his evil courses.

Why not try imprisonment? Well, to be committed as a rogue, and made to labour at the treadmill for a time, would be a fitting punishment. But fines and imprisonment, though deterring, are not preventives. Expose the rascal, and you may frustrate his devices. Summon to your aid the resources of science, resort to the test-tube and the microscope, track him through all his devious ways, discover all his bad practices, strip him of the artifices by which he is enabled to render himself invisible, and hold him up to the gaze and scorn of the world. In this way, we may hope in time to succeed in expelling him from the country.

But, it may be asked, what proofs have we that he plays such tricks with our food and drink, and even with the medicines administered to us for the relief of sickness? Unfortunately, they are overwhelming.

For some years *The Lancet* published from week to week the results of the analyses of nearly every important article of food and drink, as well as of many medicines. These analyses at length amounted to between two and three thousand, each representing a separate sample or article. From these results it appeared that the demon had been playing his tricks with by far the larger proportion of the samples: watering the milk, red-leading the cayenne, coppering the pickles, poisoning the confectionery, and bedevilling nearly everything. Of the accuracy of the results no room for even the shadow of doubt was left, for in every instance the name and residence of the vendor of every article analyzed, whether it

was found to be genuine or adulterated, was printed in full, and thus publicly proclaimed. In this way the very strongest testimony which it was possible to give was afforded of the truthfulness of the analyses: in fact, a similar guarantee was never before offered in the case of any analogous scientific inquiries.

The results disclosed by the labours of the Analytical Sanatory Commission of *The Lancet* were of so serious and alarming a character, that they excited almost universal attention. The public and the press took the matter up energetically; at length, Parliament was moved, and a select committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider the subject. This committee examined a great number of witnesses—including scientific men, manufacturers, and shopkeepers; so that both sides of the question were fully heard. Its report—a very remarkable document,—states: "We cannot avoid the conclusion that adulteration widely prevails;" adding that, "Not only is the public health thus exposed to danger, and pecuniary fraud committed on the whole community, but the public morality is tainted, and the high commercial character of the country seriously lowered, both at home and in the eyes of foreign countries." Grave statements, emanating from such high authority. The committee further stated, that the evil was one which required to be dealt with by the Legislature; and they made certain suggestions and recommendations to the House for the suppression of adulteration.

There are, then, abundant and conclusive proofs of the prevalence of adulteration. Let us now explain its nature.

In a work treating of the methods by which adulteration may be discovered,* the following clear definition of the practice is given:—

"It consists in the intentional addition to an article, for purposes of gain or deception, of any substance or substances, the presence of which is not acknowledged in the name under which the article is sold."

According to this definition, the sale of coffee mixed with chicory as coffee, of cocoa with which sugar and starch have been purposely mixed, and of mustard consisting of mustard, flour, and turmeric, as cocoa and mustard, constitute so many adulterations.

The consumer entering a shop, and asking for any article, has a right to expect that he will be supplied with what he wants, and for which he pays: this right undeniably belongs to the purchaser.

The words coffee, cocoa, and mustard, convey distinct ideas; these are the names of certain vegetable productions; coffee, of the berries of the coffee-plant; cocoa and mustard, of the seeds of the cocoa and mustard plants, bruised and reduced to powder. Any application, therefore, of these terms to mixtures and compounds is obviously deceptive and fraudulent.

Adulteration not only lowers the money value of an article, but it lessens its dietetical qualities, and in many cases it renders it positively unwholesome; as when injurious substances are introduced.

* *Adulterations Detected*, Longmans.

Further, it has of late years become a complete science, and it is now practised with consummate art and skill; not only are a host of different substances employed, but much ingenuity is displayed in the manner of their use. Thus, substances of less value are used, for the sake of their bulk and weight, as substitutes for dearer articles, under the names of which alone they are generally sold: it is for this purpose that roasted wheat and rye have been added to ground chicory and coffee, water to milk, and so on with many other articles.

But this addition of cheaper substitutes, often of a different colour from that of the article with which they are mixed, frequently so alters the appearance of the genuine commodity, that it becomes necessary, in order to restore the colour, to have recourse to the use of pigments. Now it is through these that a variety of injurious and even poisonous substances are introduced into articles of food and drink. It is to conceal other adulterations that Venetian red is added to adulterated chicory and cocoa, burnt sugar or black-jack to coffee, annatto to milk, &c.

Again, the dilution of articles renders not only the employment of colouring matters necessary, but by reducing the natural flavour and strength of the diluted articles, necessitates the use of a third class of substances: as treacle to restore the sweetness to milk reduced with water, of cocculus indicus to give apparent strength to beer, and of grains of paradise to impart pungency to gin, when its real or alcoholic strength has been lowered by the addition of water.

Lastly, a fourth class of substances is employed to impart to various articles of consumption a more attractive appearance than they would otherwise possess; simply to please the eye, in fact. This is constantly done at the expense of the wholesomeness of the articles thus treated. It is with this view that Bole Armenian, a red earth, is added to essence of anchovies, potted meats and fish, &c.; copper to pickles, bottled and crystallized fruits; pigmentary poisons of all sorts to sugar confectionery; and alum to bread, to cause the flour to appear whiter than it would be naturally.

Port-wine, or what is often sold as such, affords an example of the skill and cunning employed in adulteration. First, the wine itself is more or less compounded of logwood, sugar, and spirit; next, the crust on the bottle is precipitated by artificial means, with a view to give it the appearance of age; the corks are stained with the same object; and even the very cobwebs which envelop the bottles are often borrowed.

There are two means, by one or other of which the majority of the adulterations practised may be discovered,—chemistry and the microscope. The former had long been employed for the purpose; but it is only recently that the microscope has been used with that object; and a very serviceable and important application of that instrument it has proved.

Chemistry is adapted particularly to the detection of the various chemical substances and salts used for adulteration, as these are for the most part of an inorganic nature.

The microscope, on the other hand, is specially-suited to the detection of all organized structures or substances, as those of animals and plants. On examining with the naked eye any animal or plant, we detect a variety of evidences of organization or structure; but there is in every part of every animal or vegetable production a vast amount of organization wholly invisible to the unaided sight, and which is revealed only to the powers of the microscope. Now, this minute and microscopical organization is different in different parts of the same animal or plant, and different in different animals and plants; so that by means of these differences rightly understood, the skilful microscopical observer is enabled to identify in many cases infinitely minute portions of animal or vegetable tissues, and to refer them to the species to which they belong.

By means of the microscope, therefore, one vegetable substance may very generally be discriminated from another; one root or stem from another, one kind of starch or flour from another, and one kind of seed from another. In this way the microscope becomes an invaluable and indispensable aid in the discovery of adulteration.

Up to the period of the employment of the microscope, many hundreds of substances might be, and were used for adulteration, the detection of which by chemical means was wholly impossible. Thus, by chemistry, it is seldom possible to distinguish one vegetable powder from another, while, by means of that wonder-revealing instrument, there is scarcely a vegetable substance which may not be identified and distinguished with certainty.

And this discrimination, by means of the microscope, can even be accomplished when the vegetable substances have been pulverized, and reduced by the aid of powerful machinery to the condition of almost impalpable powder. Further, it is not merely possible to distinguish between one vegetable powder and another when separate, but if a variety of different vegetable substances are mixed together in the pulverulent condition—as roots, seeds, the starches—the whole may, in general, by a skilled microscopic observer, be identified. As many as ten distinct vegetable powders, all blended with each other, have been thus distinguished.

And, still more singular to relate, the majority of vegetable substances may be recognized in the powdered state even after having been roasted, charred, or partially burned. Thus, it is very easy to identify the coffee, chicory, rye, and wheat flour contained in the mixture often sold as ground coffee.

In the microscope, then, the scientific observer is provided with a most powerful and searching means of discovering adulteration. The first application of this instrument created no little surprise and alarm amongst the perpetrators of such frauds. Hundreds of sophistications were brought to light which had for years escaped discovery, and thus a blow was given to adulteration from which it can never wholly recover; for the security, and consequent impunity, with which it had hitherto been practised, have been thereby destroyed.

We now propose to consider what has been done with a view to carry into effect the recommendations for the suppression of adulteration made by the Committee of the House of Commons, as contained in their report.

Three sessions since, Mr. Scholefield, the chairman of the Adulteration Committee, introduced a Bill into Parliament for the Prevention of Adulteration; but the session terminated before an opportunity apparently occurred for the discussion of the measure. Another Bill was introduced the following session, but was also withdrawn. At the commencement of the present session, a measure was brought forward for the third time, and, on this occasion, with greater success, for it has passed the House of Commons, and has been sent to the Upper House for the consideration of their Lordships.

It will be profitable at the present juncture to consider the provisions of this Bill, in order to ascertain to what extent it is adapted to check the evil in question, and put an end to the tricks of trade involved in the practice of adulteration.

In the first place the Bill is entirely permissive: nobody is compelled to do anything whatever under it; and should the vestries, district boards, and other local authorities in whom the power of appointing analysts is vested, so determine, it may remain a dead letter: a result in most cases highly probable; for it is hardly to be supposed that these vestries, composed as in great part they are of tradespeople, will be desirous of carrying out the Bill efficiently.

Secondly, it is to be observed, that its operation is confined to articles of food and drink: it does not include drugs, although the prevention of the adulteration of these is of the utmost consequence. To reduce the strength of a medicine by adulteration—the doses of medicines being fixed quantities, determined by careful observation and experiment, and the amount of adulteration being indefinite—is to introduce into the practice of medicine the greatest uncertainty and confusion. If, affirms an able writer, we could possibly eliminate from the mass of human disease that occasioned by the constant use of deleterious food, we should find that it amounted to a very large percentage of the whole, and that one of the best friends of the doctor would prove to be the adulterator. But even our refuge fails us in our hour of need, when the tools of the medical man, like those of the Sappers and Miners before Sebastopol, often turn out to be worthless.

Further, its application is hampered by certain restrictions which will go far in practice to render it inoperative.

It applies—

1st. To the sale of articles which, to the knowledge of the seller, are adulterated in such a way as to be injurious to health.

2nd. To the sale of articles expressly warranted as pure and unadulterated, which are adulterated and not pure.

The precise words of the clause are:—"Every person who shall sell

any article of food or drink, with which, to the knowledge of such person, any ingredient or material injurious to the health of persons eating or drinking such article has been mixed; and every person who shall sell, expressly warranted as pure or unadulterated, any article of food or drink which is adulterated or not pure, shall for every such offence," &c.

It will be evident, on an attentive consideration of these words, that, under the Bill, articles may (and doubtless will) be sold with impunity, which are adulterated in a manner injurious to health, in those cases where knowledge of the adulteration cannot be established. It will also be apparent that articles will still be sold which are adulterated and not pure; there being no restriction whatever on the sale of such articles, provided they are not expressly warranted.

Thus, under the Bill, ample opportunity will be afforded for the practice of adulteration. Mixtures of all kinds may still be sold without let or hindrance, if not warranted; and this although the names under which they are sold do not convey any intimation of their compound character. Regarded from one point of view, the measure actually legalizes the sale of mixed articles, when not warranted: that is, under certain circumstances, it affords a legal sanction to the perpetration of adulteration, and the consequent robbery of the public.

The restrictions to which we have referred, as impairing greatly the chances of any benefit to the public from the Bill, are various.

In the case of the sale of articles adulterated in a manner injurious to health, *knowledge of the fact* on the part of the seller must be proved. Now, in the majority of cases, it will be impossible to produce legal evidence of this knowledge; so that this kind of adulteration will still continue to be practised to a great extent, and that with absolute impunity.

A second restriction is, that in the absence of a warranty, any now injurious mixture may be sold; now it is chiefly through the sale of such mixtures that so much fraud is committed.

These distinctions are wholly unnecessary, while they go far, as already stated, to deprive the Bill of any value it may possess. The sale of an adulterated article without knowledge on the part of the seller, and without express warranty, ought to be sufficient to constitute an offence under the Bill; the knowledge of the fact, or its absence, ought merely to make a difference in the degree of the offence, and in the extent of the consequent punishment.

The words "expressly warranted" were introduced in order to permit the unrestrained sale of such mixed articles as cocoa and mustard. If they did this, and nothing more, not much harm would be done; but, indirectly, they legalize all those adulterations which consist in the mixture of a cheaper non-injurious substance with a dearer article, under the name of which such mixture is usually sold: a practice that constitutes the great profit of adulteration as heretofore carried on.

Now, in place of departing from right principle in order to meet the

exceptional cases of cocoa and mustard, the proper course would have been to alter the names of those mixed articles so as to render apparent the fact that they are really mixtures, and not, as the names now used imply, that they are composed wholly of cocoa and mustard. This could have been done readily enough, and without injury to the trade of those engaged in the manufacture of such articles. Thus the article now called mustard, and which consists of wheat-flour, turmeric, and mustard, in nearly varying proportions, might be sold as what it really is, under the name of "mustard condiment;" and the various preparations vended as cocoa, granulated, dietetic, homœopathic cocoa, &c., might be sold with the addition of the word "mixture," or by substituting the word "chocolate," which is known to be a compound article for cocoa: *e.g.* "granulated cocoa mixture," "granulated chocolate," "dietetic chocolate," and so on. Were these alterations made, these compound articles might have been warranted under the Bill, which cannot now be done. The true course was to have left the manufacturers of these articles to conform to the law, and not to have altered the law to suit them: especially to the injury of the public. The earlier Bills introduced into the House of Commons did not contain any such concession.

Other restrictions are to be found embodied in the second clause of the Bill, which provides that the purchaser shall give notice to the seller or his servants, of his intention to have the articles purchased analyzed, and shall also afford him the opportunity of accompanying the purchaser to an analyst appointed under the Act, in order to secure such article from being tampered with. The first condition is reasonable enough, but the second borders upon the absurd. With such a provision as this, the chances of prosecution under the Act are but few. Supposing an analyst to be appointed for a large district or for a whole county, the seller and the purchaser, perhaps a timid woman or a nervous man, would have to travel in each other's company some ten or twenty miles, as the case might be. Fancy what an agreeable journey, and how amicable the conversation by the way! Surely such cases might be left to be proved by the ordinary rules of evidence: the witnesses are examined on oath; and it is not more likely that they would perjure themselves in a case of adulteration than in any other case. It was scarcely possible to have adopted any provision more calculated than this to destroy the efficiency of the Bill.

The punishments for adulteration consist, for the first offence, in the infliction of a fine of not less than five shillings nor more than five guineas; for the second offence it is rendered lawful for the justices to publish the name, place of abode, and offence, of the person convicted of adulteration.

The opinion has already been expressed that fines are insufficient to meet the evil, and certainly such small fines as those named in the Bill will do but little good. Of what avail will it be to fine a manufacturer, who sells his tons of adulterated goods weekly, five shillings or five pounds?

The man who gets drunk is fined five shillings: ought the fraud involved in the practice of adulteration to receive no greater punishment? The Wine Licences Bill contains a more efficient provision than this. It provides for the infliction of a fine of not less than ten pounds or more than twenty pounds on any person who shall "fraudulently dilute or in any ways adulterate" such wines as he may sell; and this for a first offence, while for a second the licence to sell is altogether suspended for five years.

Nothing can be more appropriate, and it may be added, more efficient than the punishment provided for second offences; and much good might have been expected to have resulted from it, had the other provision of the Bill been of a less feeble character: but considering the nature of the Bill altogether, there is much reason to fear that the penalty for second convictions will rarely if ever be inflicted.

Such are the chief provisions of the "Adulteration of Food and Drink Bill." A few others may be very briefly noticed. The complaints are to be heard by magistrates, and to be disposed of by summary conviction before two justices of the peace, with a right of appeal to Quarter Sessions. The purchaser of any article of food may have it analyzed, where any analyst has been appointed under the Bill, on payment of not less than two-and-sixpence or more than ten-and-sixpence. Lastly, justices may order articles to be analyzed, on complaint being made, by any skilled person whom they may appoint. This is a very excellent provision, because it is evident from it that the purchaser may at once make his complaint before the justices, whether an analyst has been appointed or not, and the justices may at their own discretion order the analysis of the suspected article.

One very great defect in the Bill is the absence of any provision authorizing the appointment of a central authority for the regulation of the whole subject; for reference in doubtful or disputed cases; and for the issuing of general instructions.

Neither does the Bill define what constitutes injurious adulteration: it has left this an open question, which, in the event of prosecutions under it, will occasion endless diversity of opinion, and give rise to much litigation.

The number of substances possessing more or less injurious properties, employed in adulteration, is considerable, as will be apparent on an examination of the following statement:—

INJURIOUS SUBSTANCES ACTUALLY DETECTED IN ADULTERATED ARTICLES OF CONSUMPTION.

<i>Substances.</i>	<i>Articles.</i>
Cocculus indicus - - - - -	Beer, rum.
Arsenite of copper, emerald green, or Scheele's green - - - - -	} Coloured sugar confectionery.
Sulphate of copper or blue vitriol, and acetate of copper or verdigris - - -	
	} Pickles, bottled fruits and vegetables, preserves, dried and crystallized fruits.

<i>Substances.</i>	<i>Articles.</i>
Carbonate of copper, or verditer	Coloured sugar confectionery.
The three chromates of lead	Custard powders, sugar confectionery, tea, snuff.
Red oxide of lead	Cayenne, currie powder, snuff.
Red ferruginous earths, as Venetian red, bole Armenian, red and yellow ochres, umber, &c.	Red sauces, as shrimps, lobster, anchovy, and tomato sauces; and in potted meats and fish, anchovies, cocoa, chicory, annatto, cheese, tea, snuff, &c.
Carbonate of lead	Sugar confectionery, snuff.
Acetate of lead	Wine, cyder, rum.
Plumbago, or black lead	In certain black and lie teas.
Bisulphuret of mercury, or cinnabar	Cayenne and sugar confectionery.
Sulphate of iron	Re-dried tea, and in beer.
Sulphate of copper	Bread, rarely; annatto.
Cayenne	Gin, rum, ginger, mustard.
Gamboge	Sugar confectionery.
Chromates of potash	Tea, snuff.
The three false Brunswick greens, being mixtures of the chromates of lead and indigo or Prussian blue	Sugar confectionery.
Oxychlorides of copper or true Brunswick greens	Ditto.
Orpiment, or sulphuret of arsenicum	Ditto.
Ferrocyanide of iron, or Prussian blue	Ditto; also in green tea.
Antwerp blue, or Prussian blue and chalk	Sugar confectionery.
Indigo	Ditto; and in green tea.
Ultramarine	Sugar confectionery.
Artificial ultramarine	Ditto.
Hydrated sulphate of lime, mineral white, or plaster-of-paris	Flour, bread, cocoa, mustard, sugar confectionery, annatto.
Carbonate of lime	Cocoa, mustard, annatto.
Terra alba, or Cornish clay	Flour, starch, cocoa.
Alum	Flour, bread.
Sulphuric acid	Vinegar, gin.
Bronze powders, or alloys of copper and zinc	Sugar confectionery.

While, therefore, the Bill must be regarded as a very weak one, we would fain entertain the hope that some good may result from it, and that it may be influential in diminishing an evil which is wide-spread and generally felt and acknowledged.

One beneficial effect it will have: the system of warranting articles will under it become very general. Traders and shopkeepers will find it to their advantage, whenever they can do so, to warrant the articles they sell. The public, on its part, must be sure to inquire for those expressly warranted goods; and it ought to regard with especial and habitual suspicion all articles the genuineness of which is not guaranteed by a warranty; for we may feel assured, as a general rule, that when articles are not warranted, there is something wrong about them. The purchaser should require that the warranty be written or printed upon each package or article purchased; and he should further require that the goods enume-

rated in any invoice or bill be likewise warranted. If this precaution be adopted, indirectly, some good cannot fail to ensue from the measure.

"Put not your faith in princes:" to which we may add, nor in Parliaments either, especially in any case in which people can help themselves. In the matter of adulteration the public can do much to protect itself, by requiring with all purchases of articles of food or drink the guarantee to which we have adverted; but there is a second means of affording great additional protection, and that is, an organization originating with and supported by consumers. It should consist of members paying a small annual fee, and have for its object the analyzation, free of any further charge, of such articles as are forwarded for analysis by the members. Periodical reports should be issued under the sanction of a committee of management, giving the results, whatever these might be, of the examination of the various articles. Such an organization as this would do immense good,—much more, indeed, than the proposed Act of Parliament, the provisions of which we have been engaged in considering.

We have now shown that the remedy which the parliamentary doctors, under the guidance of Dr. Scholefield, have provided as a cure for a great social evil, is weak, diluted, and itself adulterated; partaking rather of the character of a Placebo, than that of an effective and searching medicine adapted for an active and potent disease. Let us, at least, comfort ourselves with the hope that it is only a first prescription, embracing the preliminary treatment, as the doctors call it, and intended to be followed by more decided and vigorous remedies.

Such treatment will hardly scotch the monster Adulteration, much less kill him: he will still be caught from time to time at his old tricks. There is nothing, in fact, to prevent him from still colouring our cayenne with red lead, adding *coccus indicus* to beer, destroying the coats of the drinker's stomach by doses of a mixture of cayenne, or grains of paradise and gin, and poisoning our children through the sweets made so attractive in order to tempt them; nay, he will still destroy the last hope of the physician by deteriorating the drugs upon which he relies for the salvation of life. In fact, there will still be "death in the pot," and even in the gallipot.

William Hogarth :

PAINTER, ENGRAVER, AND PHILOSOPHER.

Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time.

VI.—THE RAKE'S PROGRESS: A DRAMA IN EIGHT ACTS.

AND what if all this should be but a Barmecide Feast? or worse, a meagre banquet of Dead Sea apples, husks and draff, peelings, and outside leaves of lettuces, and the like unpalatable food? I have talked largely, for I don't know how many pages, of a succulent Hogarth ordinary—of rich viands and rare wines; and lo! I have nothing better to offer you than the skimmings of skimmed milk, and the gyle of thrice-brewed malt. Here is your mess of pottage; here is your soup *à la purée de pavé*; but I give you simply the paving-stone, and have kept back the savoury stock of meat, and spices, and pungent herbs. Are my many good friends to be fed with Æolic digammas, and shall I fill their bellies with the east wind? Oh! I can write out the bill of fare well enough: white and brown soups, *hors-d'œuvres*, *entrées*, roasts, *relévés*, dessert, coffee, and *chasse*; but, good Mr. Essayist, where is the dinner? or rather, *where are the plates*? Can there be anything more meagre and unsatisfactory than the description of a series of pictorial performances without the pictures themselves? and of what avail are these dissertations upon William Hogarth, Painter and Engraver, without some of Hogarth's pictures by way of illustration? Of little more tangible use, I fear, than the purse now empty, but which once held all those brave bank notes—of little more than a cask of home-brewed without a key, and with no gimlet handy—than the bill for a feast that is over and paid—than the gay hat and feathers which come home for the dear child who died yesterday. Have you ever opened a desk, and found a pair of cards, a large and a small one, tied together with a true-lover's knot in silver twist? These were for your own wedding; only that ceremony never came off as intended, as you know full well, grizzling over your gruel in those lonely chambers, with the laundress filching the contents of the caddy from under your nose, and muttering disparagement of yourself to the bootboy on the staircase.

I should have liked to possess an empire, and I have but a little *Elba* of Essay. I should have wished my bald prose to serve but as a framework to Hogarth's rich, pregnant pictures. I revel in dreams of a vast edition, a big book that you might knock down an enemy with—nay, barricade your door withal against the button-holding world. Isn't there a size called "elephant folio?" "Ho! there, thou Barmecidean cook! Send me up such an elephantine Hogarth of my own, full of plates, line for line, touch for touch, tint for tint, of the master's handling. Serve me swiftly a *catalogue raisonné* of all my hero's pictures and all his engravings,

to his minutest snuff-box achievements and pen-and-ink scratchings. Let me whet my palate with footnotes as with Spanish olives, and give me a varied appendix by way of dessert." The Barmecide says this, and claps his hands, and flourishes his table napkin; but the cook doesn't serve up anything worthy of the name of a feast, hot or cold. Shamefaced, I glance at a few tiny woodcuts which chequer these pages, and admit that at my banquet there have been little beyond hand-clapping and napkin-flourishing, with some sparse halfpenny loaves, and latten spoons and forks, and a plated cruetstand. What happened to the Barmecide who boasted of his hot joints? Alas! *he had his ears boxed.* My own lobes tingle at the apologue. What happens to the finger-post which points out the way, and goeth not itself any way? It is consulted, and passed by in indifference. And what is the doom of the showman whose exhibition is always "going to begin," and never does begin at all? The public at last grow tired; pouch up their pence, or wisely expend them at the next booth, where there is a real live armadillo and a spotted girl whom one can really pinch. Only—let this stand on record for all explanation and exouse—were I to give you even the sketchiest copy of every one of Hogarth's pictures to illustrate these Essays on his life and character, you would have to wait until the year 1870 for the delivery of volume the first of my elephant folio. For the writer's life is very short, and the engraver's art is very long. *Cras mihi*, it may be, O dear friends and brothers gone before! and many a man vainly hoping to sit under his own umbrageous fig-tree and his own vine, finds a chill strike to his marrow, for indeed he is sitting in the cold shade of the cypress and the yew.

I had some thoughts of issuing modest proposals for a subscription—I think ten thousand pounds would be sufficient—to enable me to illuminate a copious biography of Hogarth, with facsimiles of his performances. You should see how the price of steel plates would rise forthwith in the market, and how I would set all the etching-needles and graving-tools of our Cousenses, our Lewises, our Barlows, to work. I had some thoughts of advertising for a patron—a nobleman preferred. I find the descendants of Lorenzo de' Medici numerous enough, and supplying the needy from their golden-balled palaces with funds to any amount; but alas! the Medici only lend at interest, and on tangible security. So, for the present, these papers must be without plates, and the drama of the *RAKE'S PROGRESS* must be performed without dresses, scenery, properties, decorations, or even a shovelful of blue fire.

Do we need a prologue to scene the first?—Here are a few lines that may serve, from Mr. Pope's epistle to Lord Bathurst:—

"Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir to keep and spare;
The next a fountain, spouting through his heir." *

* I admire the originality of the image by which a spendthrift is compared to a conduit-pipe; but, as often happens with Pope, his exquisite polish and musical

And again: the reverend Doctor Hoadly's epigraph:—

"O vanity of Age untoward,
Ever spleeny, ever froward!
Why those bolts and massy chains—
Squint Suspicion's jealous pains?
Why, thy toilsome journey o'er,
Lay'st thou in a useless store?
Hope along with Time is flown—
Nor canst thou reap of field thou'st sown."

It is all very true. Why, indeed? Yet the old gentleman who was the reservoir, and has now left all to his heir, at the sign of the Fountain, has only done as Harpagon, and Gripewell, and Vulture Hopkins, and John Elwes, Esquire, delighted to do. The Rake's papa saved thousands of candle-ends. Young Squander comes and burns them at either extremity, setting the welkin in a blaze.

Let me adopt a nomenclature that for the nonce may serve the purpose of showmanship. You see that Ralph Grindall Mucklethrift Moneypenny, Esq., of Foreclose Court, near Parchment-Regis, Bondshire, somewhere in the west of England it may be, is gathered to his fathers. He leaves all to his son Thomas, who speedily obtains the royal permission to assume the name and arms of Rakewell. His mamma was one of the Rakewells of Staffordshire, a family which in their time have entertained several crowned heads; and Tom's maternal grandfather left him a snug estate to swell the fortune—mainly a ready-money one—left him by his old scrivener-father.

So Tom has come into his property, and stands in the musty parlour of his father's house, eager, trembling, almost fevered with that odd sensation of Possession. Even princes, heirs-apparent, for years expectant of a crown, have been thus feverishly nervous on the great day when the

rise and fall often conceal a careless, an illogical, and sometimes a mischievous argument. If "pale Mammon" be but a "backward steward to the poor," keeping and sparing in a reservoir which will afterwards spout up in his squandercash heir's—*grandes eaux!* there is no such great harm done. The poor are only kept out of their dues for a time, and come to their own at last. If Pope's moral be taken *tale quale*, alternate avarice and improvidence must be in the main very good things, and charity only lies fallow for a time to produce a more abundant harvest. Yet I have little doubt that had Pope been philosophizing in prose instead of verse he would have drawn a very different conclusion. Would it not be more rational to inculcate the position that excessive frugality and excessive lavishness are both equally pernicious? The miser keeps money out of circulation, stints his household, starves himself, and grinds the faces of the poor. The prodigal spends the long-hoarded gold, indeed, with a free hand; but to whom does it go? To sharpers, and bullies, and bona-robas, and rascal mountebanks, fiddlers, squallers, and tavern-drawers. It is as on the Derby day, lobsters, pigeon pies, and half-emptied champagne flasks are flung to the rascallionary of pseudo-Bohemia and Ethiopia. Hogarth was a sounder philosopher than Pope. No honest man profits by the rake's fortune. It was all got over Lucifer's back, and it is all spent under his abdomen. *Ce que vient par la flûte, s'en va par le tambour.* In contradistinction to this, we see that when Francis Goodchild, the industrious apprentice, attains wealth, he feeds Lazarus blind and Lazarus crippled at his gate.

old king has turned his face to the wall, and the courtiers have come trooping through the antechambers to pay homage and lip-service to the new monarch. So Frederick, who was to be called Great, was feverish and nervous when the Hof. Kammerer told him that the drunken old corporal his father was dead, would never more thrash subjects with his cane, or scourge precentors' daughters, and that he, the bullied, despised Fritz, was "König von Preussen." And I have heard of a duke, who the day after he had ceased to be a marquis by courtesy, scribbled his ducal signature some two hundred and fifty times over his blotting-pad. The old miser's memorandum-book lies on the ground. Hogarth makes entry for him of the date when "my son Tom came from Oxford," when he "dined at the French ordinary"—treating Tom, doubtless,—and when he "put off his bad shilling." Young Thomas has done with Oxford and all its humours. He may dine at whatever ordinary he chooses; and if he does not "put off his bad shilling," he will at least put off a great many good guineas of his own.

For all the guineas are his, and the moidores, and pieces of eight, even to the hoard of worn Jacobuses which come tumbling from the roof-tree (even as they did when the Heir of Lynn was about to hang himself) as the servant nails the black hangings to the cornice. A bale of black cloth has come from the draper's, and awaits hanging in its due place. How it would have twisted the heartstrings of the deceased curmudgeon to see this waste of stout Yorkshire in vain trappings; and how he would have invoked the gibbet law of Halifax against those who were "back-barend" and "handhabend" with that precious store of well-teazled broadcloth! The old man was the architect of his own fortunes—chiefly built of cheese and mousetraps, with parchment dressings—you may be sure; but the undertakers have found out a scutcheon for him to deck his funeral poms withal. The bearings are, significantly, "on a field sable, three vices proper;" motto, "Beware." Like almost everything our Hogarth does, the motto is as a two-edged sword, and cuts both ways. The motto is better word-play than the patrician, *Ver non semper vires*. The hard-screwed vices express not only the tenacity of the old man's love of gold; and the motto acts not only as a caution to prodigals against falling into the clutches of a usurer; but, to my thinking, there is a counter allusion to the "vices" of human nature; and that the "Beware" may also be taken as a counsel to young Tom.

Already this young man has sore need of warning. Look at that pair of sorrowing women—mother and daughter—in the right-hand corner of the picture. Tom has wronged the girl, cruelly—that is painfully manifest. Young Tom Moneyppenny, screwed down to a starvation allowance by his papa, may have promised marriage to this poor mantua-maker—the miser's housekeeper's pretty daughter, perhaps; but Thomas Rakewell, Esq., could not think of contracting so degrading an alliance. So he strives to cover that broken heart with a golden plaster. A handful of guineas must surely atone for the mere breach of a solemn oath. Tom

gives freely enough, and the girl cries and points to the ring the traitor has bought her, while the mother—a virago every inch of her—scolds and objurgates.

What does it matter—this tiny capful of wind on the great idle Lake of Pleasure? Tom's steward—the harsh-visaged man with the pen in his mouth—thinks that it *does* matter; and that the richer is the heir, the greater care he should have of his ready money. He places his hand on a bag of gold which Master Tom has by him for present emergencies, and would prevent further disbursements if he could. The expression of his face, the mere action of the hand on the money-bag, half in remonstrance, half in the instinct of avarice—for he is a true disciple of the old money-spinner deceased—are very eloquent.

The heir thinks merely to trim his barque by casting this golden ballast overboard:—so *vogue la galère*. Sir Sans Pitié the False has disdainfully flung a handful of ducats to the damsel he has betrayed, and ridden away. Tom has other things than distressed damsels to think of. The tailor is measuring him for his fine new clothes. The steward tells him dazzling tales of the India bonds, the mortgages, leases and releases that he inherits. Before him stretches in glittering perspective the Promised Land of Pleasure. The era of pinching and pining is over, and Plenty comes swaggering in with a full horn. A decrepit old woman comes to light a fire, for the first time these many years, in the fireplace, of which the grate is dull, and the bars rusty. Soon the faggots will crackle and leap up into a rare blaze—it would be as well to burn that apronful of love-letters beginning, "To Mrs. Sarah Young—My dearest life," which the exasperated old mother displays to the false-sweaver. The fire had need blaze away, even if it made a bonfire of every memento of the old man's penuriousness. He saved everything. There is a cupboard full of old clothes, worn-out boots, and the dilapidated cauls of periwigs. The lamp outside his door was smashed in a frolic by the Mohocks. The miser brought the wreck of iron and glass indoors, and saved it. He was bidden to Venture Hopkins, or some equally famous usurer's funeral. The miser purloined the gravedigger's spade, hid it under his cloak, and brought it home, to save it. He had bought a handsome Bible at the price of wastepaper. The sole of his shoe wanted mending; and you see, in the foreground, how, he has pieced it with a portion of the cover of the holy volume. He kept a cat, which he nine-tenths starved. You see the wretched animal mewing over a chest crammed with massy plate, and wishing, doubtless, that the chased silver was wholesome paunch. There is a Flemish picture on the wall—the usual miser gloating over the usual money-sacks; but I will warrant the painting was not there merely for ornament. It must have served a turn many and many a time to eke out the little cash, and the great discount in a bill. A rusty spur, a pair of horn spectacle-frames, without glasses; the old man's furred cap, his crutch, his walking-cane, a pair of battered swords he kept for fear of robbers,

and a long-disused jack and spit, removed from the fireplace, and thrown by in a cupboard, where they are hoarded as old iron—attest with eloquence difficult to be improved, all the self-torturing avarice of this poor, wealthy, griping wretch. Let us close the scene upon his sordid memory, and follow the fortunes of his heir.*

Thomas is himself again in Act the Second of this tragedy-comedy, "*The Rake's Levée*." He lives in a splendid suite of apartments—say in Pall Mall, or in Soho Square, or in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn. We don't see the ceiling in the picture; else, I daresay, we should find it painted with the story of Danaë, or that of the Golden Fleece. A splendid picture, in a frame as splendid, of the *Judgment of Paris*, is the principal ornament of the grand saloon; but that it has been bought merely for show, and not through any love for art, is plain from its pair of pendants; portraits of gamecocks, in gaudy frames. An arched doorway exhibits beyond a gaudy antechamber, where the humbler class of courtiers cool their heels. There is a French tailor; a poet—yes, a poet, who reads one of his own epistles to wile away the time; and a milliner. Now the milliner—you know her by the long cardboard-box under her arm—is, I can't help thinking, our old friend, the deceived Sarah Young. Has the golden ointment healed her heart? Has she accepted the Rake's money, and gone into business for herself? Not at a mean frock-shop as Hogarth's own sisters did, selling (see engraved card) "y^e best and most fashionable ready-made frocks, stript dimity and flanel, blue and canvas frocks, and blue-coat boys' Dra". Likewise tickens and Hollands at y^e piece." But rather as a fashionable *modiste* in the New Exchange, like that celebrated

* Gilpin—*Essay on Prints*—greatly and justly admires the perspective of this picture; and it may be termed, without pedantry, an ingenious isometrical projection. Thomas Cook, engraver, author of *Hogarth Restored* (London, 1813), and who himself engraved many unpublished Hogarths, speaks of the Rake's face, in this first stage of his history, as "marked by that uneasy, unmeaning vacancy, which seems, by nature, the characteristic of a dupe." But I rather discern in poor young Tom's countenance the simplicity, the eagerness, and the carelessness of youth, as yet unmarred by the stamp of cynical sinfulness. The features are eminently beautiful; and although he has already been a profligate, and ruined this unhappy Sarah Young, I fancy I can trace a struggle between conscience and shame, and the recklessness of the nascent spendthrift. Tom does not wholly belong to the Evil One yet; else he would be content with laughing at his victim, and would not take the trouble to give her any money. It is likewise the opinion of Thomas Cook, that the harsh-visaged man with the pen, whom I described as the miser's steward, is "a pettifogging attorney," and when he lays his hands on the bag of gold, is actuated by "propensities too often attributed to certain practitioners of the law," and "seizing the earliest opportunity of robbing his employer;" but I believe in the steward's fidelity, and only think him to be remonstrating on the folly of spending money at all. Such men love gold, not for the sake of what it will purchase, but for its own sake,—because it is gold. When Lucrèce Borgia, in Victor Hugo's play, asks Gubetta why he borrows money from the young nobles, he being so much richer than they,—he makes answer, "*Pardieu! madame, pour en avoir.*" To have money, and, having some, to have more. "All the baccy in the world," and then—"more baccy," was the sailor's notion of perfect happiness and unlimited riches.

"white milliner," the Duchess of Tyrcconnell, or "Mrs. Holt," who lived at the "two Olive Posts in y^e Broad part of the Strand," for whom Hogarth also engraved a card, and who sold "Lustrings, Sattins, Padeseois, Velvets, Damasks, Fans, Legorne hats, Violin strings, Books of Essences, Venice treacle, Balsomes;" and in a back warehouse (!) all sorts of Italian wines, Florence cordials, Oyl, Olives, Anchovies, Capers, Vermicelli, Sausidges, Parmesan cheese, and Naples soap." Sarah Young, with that odd, half-vindictive, half-affectionate hankering after the man who has deceived her—a hankering by no means uncommon to her sex—has solicited the high honour of being milliner in ordinary to his worship Thomas Rake-well, Esq.—for gentlemen had female milliners in 1785; just as ladies had staymakers and "taylors" of the ruder sex. Sarah, then, furnishes Thomas with his bands of Valenciennes and Point de Dunquerque, with his ruffles and laced nightcaps, with essences and ribbons for his hair. And you may be certain that Thomas, who has quite forgotten those fervent billets in which she was his "dearest life," does not forget, while condescending to patronize, to run a long bill with her. Will Sarah turn out to be Nemesis? Will this deceived white milliner become *Alba cura*, jump up behind Tom's chariot, and bid the coachman drive to Styx Old Stairs, where his worship will take water, in Charon's barge—like young Bibbo—for Tartarus? Ah, no! A vulgar melodramatist would, with much speed, have brought about this consummation; but William Hogarth knew better. Five thousand times better did he know the inexhaustible love, and tenderness, and longsuffering, and mercy, that are for ever welling, even from the bruised heart of a betrayed woman.

Such love and tenderness are lost upon the graceless prodigal. Three years have elapsed. The uncouth, but not quite hardened hobbledehoy has cast off his awkwardness, and his conscience, and has all the allures of a fine gentleman. He holds levées. His mode of life may be quoted from Brampton's *Man of Taste*:—

"Without Italian, and without an ear,
To Bononcini's music I adhere.
To boon companions I my time would give,
With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live;
I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,
And to rough riders give my choicest wine;
My evenings all I would with sharpers spend,
And make the thief-taker my bosom friend;
In Figg, the prizefighter, the day delight,
And sup with Colley Cibber every night."

Cio-è, I would hotly dispute concerning Verdi and Donizetti, and go into ecstasies over the sixpenny libretto books, not knowing one word of Italian. I would affect to despise the grand old music of the English school, and give a guinea a lesson to some lantern-jawed sawney face, who, before he turned music-master, was a barber at Bologna. I would stop late in my club, billiard-rooms, and smoking-rooms, and have my toadies and my convenient men. Yes, I would dine with Newmarket jockeys, and give rough riders Clos Vougeot; and look in at night at the subscription hazard-

tables; and sometimes, for fun, go the rounds of Thieves' Kitchens and Rats' Castles, under the guidance and guardianship of Inspector Bull's-eye. I should be sure to attend the "international" prizefights, and be full of solicitude as to the designs of the Staleybridge Chicken upon the vacant belt; and I might sup with the low comedian at night, and make the man who sings Nigger songs tipsy with champagne. And upon my word, I, Thomas Rakewell, suppositious prodigal, must be 125 years old; for in this present year, 1860, I am precisely the same Thomas Rakewell, and indulge in precisely the same refined and agreeable pleasures that marked my *Progress* in 1735.

"Thou hast it now," Thomas; "King Cawdor, Glamis all." In the grand saloon the Rake receives his courtiers of the first class. There is the fencing-master, with his "saha!" his carte and his tierce, and his *raison demonstrative*.* There is the *Improver of Gardens*, designed by Hogarth for a certain Bridgeman, "a worshipper of the modern style, who attempted to create landscape, to realize painting, and to improve nature"—in short, an archetype of "Capability Brown." There is the kneeling Horse Jockey, the descendant of Cromwell's Dick Pace, of "coffin mare" celebrity, who holds a silver race-cup, inscribed, "Won at Epsom by Silly Tom," a very appropriate name for Squire Rakewell's "Crack." Observe the turned-up shade to the jockey's cap, his easy tunic, the loose turn-over tops to his boots, and the tremendous weight of his whip.† There is the hired bravo, the Sparafucile, the Saltabadil to this young monarch *qui s'amuse*—who kills or cudgels in town or country, with promptitude and despatch—with his bloated form, black wig, dingy laced hat, and a patch over his nose. He has his hand, curiously, on his *right* side, as if he didn't know where his heart was; but he knows well enough where to lay his right hand: namely, on the hilt of his hanger, as he enters into the stereotype protestations of fidelity. He has brought a characteristic letter of recommendation to his new patron:—"Sir, the captain is a man of honour, and his sword may serve you. Yours, W^m Stab." The foolish, sensuous rake, in 'brodered slippers and richly laced morning gown and cap, seems much inclined to take the honourable captain into his employ; from which we may glean, that fond as he may be of midnight frolics, beating the watch, roasting tradesmen, terrifying women and so forth, active courage is not among the characteristics of Thomas Rakewell, Esq., and that he needs

* The fencing-master is intended for the portrait of one Dubois, a *maitre d'armes* of much renown. He was killed in a duel with one of the same name. See *Grub Street Journal* (May 16, 1734). "Yesterday, between two and three in the afternoon, a duel was fought in Marylebone fields, between Mr. Dubois, a Frenchman, and Mr. Dubois, an Irishman, both fencing-masters, the former of which was run through the body, but walked a considerable way from the place, and is now under the hands of an able surgeon, who hath great hopes of his recovery." But afterwards, in the same journal, under date of May 23: "Yesterday morning, died Mr. Dubois, of a wound he received in a duel."

† "Feather weights" were unknown in those early days of the turf. Heats were not ridden by pigmies; and race-horses were strong, muscular, large-limbed animals, not satin-skinned, greyhound-like, hot-house plants.

the bravo's brawny arm to protect him in his pranks, and give impunity to his impertinences.

There is a blower on the French horn present too; and a heavy, somewhat good-natured looking man, with a couple of quarter-staves, whom we may take for Figg, the pugilist.*

The prominent figure standing to the left of the Rake is Essex, the dancing-master. He is even a greater dandy than Tom Rakewell. Laced coat and ruffles, monstrous cuffs, resplendent wig, silk stockings, and

* There is some difficulty in "making out" likenesses in a period when almost everybody went clean shaven, and wore a wig; but comparing the bewigged pugilist in the levée scene with the bare-poll'd prizefighter holding the broadsword, who stands on the platform, in the card etched by Simpson, after a design by Hogarth, for James Figg, there can be little doubt, I think, that both are meant for the same person. The inscription describes Figg as "master of y^e noble science of defence;" and states that he dwelt "on y^e right hand in Oxford Road, near Adam and Eve Court;" and that "he teaches gentlemen y^e use of y^e small backsword and quarter-staff, at home and abroad." There is not a word said about fisticuffs or the "gloves." Figg appears to have been in the "zenith of his glory" about 1731. His portrait was also painted by Ellis, a man who imitated Hogarth in small "conversations;" and the Ellis-Figg portrait was engraved in mezzotint by Faber, and published in October of the year just mentioned. It is not at all uncommon, now, to see daubs in the curiosity-shops about Leicester Square, which purport to be "original" portraits of Figg, by Hogarth. The admirers of Messrs. Sayers and Heenan may find delectation in the following flight towards Parnassus anent this distinguished Mr. Figg:

"The mighty combatant, the first in fame,
The lasting glory of his native shame (?)
Rash and unthinking men, at length be wise;
Consult your safety, and resign the prize:
Nor tempt superior force, but timely fly
The vigour of his arm, the quickness of his eye."

In the name of the prophet—Figg! Captain John Godfrey, in his quarto pamphlet on *The Useful Science of Defence* (1747), calls Figg "the Atlas of the sword;" "and may he long," the captain continues, "remain the gladiating statue! In him strength, resolution, and unparalleled judgment conspired to form a matchless master. There was a majesty shone in his countenance and blazed in all his actions beyond all I ever saw." And yet the captain was old enough to have seen Marlborough, and Peterborough, and Eugène, and Tallard, and Vendôme. Perhaps those heroes, although their actions were certainly "blazing," were not very "majestic" as to their countenances. Chetwood, in his *History of the Stage*, tells us that Figg informed him that he had not bought a shirt for twenty years, but had sold some dozens. The aristocracy were his purveyors of body-linen. In the sixth volume of Dodsley's *Collection of Fugitive Pieces*, there are some verses by the witty Doctor Byrom of a sword contest between Figg and Sutton, in which the first was victorious. Figg appeared on the stage calm and sedate, "with a fresh shaven pate." They wore "armigers," too. Figg's arm was encircled with a blue ribbon; Sutton's with a red one. The fortune of the day was for a long time suspended, till Figg hit his opponent a stroke on the knee, and so disabled him. At his amphitheatre in the Oxford Road he engaged with not only Sutton, but "William Holmes and Felix MacGuire, the two first (Hibernicè) and most profound swordsmen of the kingdom of Ireland. 'Tis not," the advertisement sets forth, "the accidental blow which Mr. Holmes received on his metacarpus the last time he fought with Mr. Figg has cooled his courage, or given room to Mr. MacGuire to decline his interest." An impression of Figg's card has been sold for eight guineas.

diamond buckles, deck his radiant person: but for that unmistakeable self-satisfied smirk, and that ridiculously diminutive "kit," and that exquisitely pointed toe, you might mistake the predecessor of Vestris and D'Egyllé for a dancing-master. It is fated that the Rake—whether he have rings on his fingers, or bells on his toes, or not—shall have, for the present, music wherever he goes. Besides the twanging of the French horn—the probabilities are a little violated by its professor presuming to sound that instrument while his worship, Squire Thomas, is conferring with Captain Saltabadil—besides the squeaking of Mr. Essex's kit, we have the strumming of a harpsichord, touched by the figure with the enormous periwig, who sits with his back to the audience. He is trying over a new opera, *The Rape of the Sabines*.^{*} The *dramatis personæ* appear on the fly-leaf, and include the name of Senesino. But *majora canamus*! over the back of the maestro's chair there hangs, to trail at length far over the ground, a document, resembling several "yards of songs" tacked to a bill of costs in a Chancery suit, and inscribed with an enumeration of the gorgeous presents bestowed on the Italian opera-singer, Farinelli, by the nobility and gentry of this kingdom. The extremity of the schedule half covers an engraving, representing a lady of fashion kneeling at an altar erected before the statue of the illustrious soprano; and exclaiming, label-wise, "One God, one Farinelli,"—an impious ejaculation attributed to some aristocratic female devotee of the signor. Poor Farinelli! He was the friend of princes, and abounded in diamond snuff-boxes, but his singing, after all, must have resembled the tootle-tooting of a flute.

This then is the morning's reflection bearing on the previous night's entertainment of T. R., Esq. It must be admitted that while evidences of vanity and frivolity are plentiful enough, young Tom's pursuits do not, as yet, appear outrageously vicious. On that long schedule over the chair you read that Thomas Rakewell, Esq., has presented a golden snuff-box, chased with the story of Orpheus charming the brutes, to Farinelli. By the way, why shouldn't the periwigged unknown at the harpsichord be the signor himself? There is nothing so very unpardonable in making such gifts. At least, the apologist may urge, there are no soda-water bottles, betting books, ends of cigars—were those vanities then invented?—about, to mark the sensual, unprofitable mode of life adopted by this deluded young man. Tom seems, at the worst, to be simply wasting his time; and the student of Fielding, when he has well considered Hogarth's *levée*, will turn to the description of a fashionable Do-nothing's day, as set forth in *Joseph Andrews*: "In the morning I arose, took my great stick, and walked out in my green frock, with my hair in papers (a groan from

^{*} The figure of the maestro at the harpsichord has by some commentators been held to be Handel, but there is no evidence to go to the jury. It must certainly be remembered that he who was afterwards to write the *Messiah* was at one period of his career manager of the Italian Opera; but I don't think it likely that he would spend his mornings at Tom Rakewell's *levées*. Besides, Brampton makes his rake say, "To Buonocini's music I adhere." B. and H. were sworn foes.

Adams), and sauntered about till ten. Went to the auction; told Lady — she had a dirty face; laughed heartily at something Captain — said,—I can't remember what, for I did not very well hear it; whispered Lord —; bowed to the Duke of —; and was going to bid for a snuff-box, but did not, for fear I should have had it. From two to four dressed myself. (A groan.) Four to six dined. (A groan.) Six to eight coffee-house; eight to nine Drury Lane playhouse; nine to ten Lincoln's Inn Fields"—you see Fielding does not make Mr. Abraham Adams groan at the mention of coffee-houses and theatres—"Ten to twelve drawing-room. (A great groan.) At which Adams said with some vehemence, 'Sir, this is below the life of an animal, hardly above vegetation.'"

And so it is; but worse is to follow: vice active in lieu of vice passive. Prompter, sound the whistle; and shift the scene, ye carpenters. We come to the third tableau of the *Rake's Progress*.

Orgie: and, I am afraid the less said about it the better; yet there must be some definite record made of this stage in Tom's journey; and after all, I am writing about William Hogarth's works and time; about the suckling of fools, indeed, but *not* the chronicles of small beer. Truth must out, and Tom is going to the dogs with dreadful swiftness. Act three represents a very different scene of dissipation to the dull sensuality of the toppers in the *Modern Midnight Conversation*, for alas! woman, vicious, and impudent, and fallen, but still, under Hogarth's pencil, angelically beautiful, is there. Tom is far gone in foreign wines, drunk on the splendid and disreputable premises he condescends to patronize. There are nine ladies, two ballad-singers, and a drawer (in the background) visible, but only two gentlemen. Tom has just been robbed of his watch by the fair one who declares she adores him. Fair one Number 1 passes the stolen property to fair one Number 2; and fair one Number 3—a very hideous negress indeed—looks on with a grin of approval. Two fair ones have quarrelled, and one is squirting aqua-vitæ from her mouth at her adversary; the shot is a good one, and the range is long, at least three feet. In the background another daughter of Folly is setting fire to a map of the world. A rich mirror of Venice glass has been smashed in a scuffle; but Thomas will pay for all, or will halve the damage with that other intoxicated gentleman, whose wig falling off reveals his neat black crop beneath. He is quite imbecile, and is as a sheep for the shearers. The portraits of the twelve Cæsars grace this abode of revelry; while the Kitecat effigy of mine host, Pontac, looks down in plethoric serenity on the agreeable scene. Mine host, you have the best of it; the triumph or the fair ones is short-lived; the beadles of Bridewell wait for them, and there is hemp galore to beat. After all—for apoplexy, an excise information, or a man killed at an orgie, may put a stop to Pontac's profits—those ragged minstrels and ballad-singers, who come bawling and twanging in, may derive most benefit from the joyous company and the gay life. *They last, these scrapers and caterwaulers; so do the beggars.* We go to India, and

returning, find our old vagabond acquaintances as ragged as ever, and yet not older, so it seems. They watch the procession defile, the panorama unroll, the farce play itself through; they watch and grin, and shout, and call us noble captains, and fair ladies, and have their share of our loose coppers, and see us all out. Our friends die, but the vagabonds remain and flourish. And *I have* seen the seed of the righteous begging their bread.*

I cannot be more explicit in describing young Thomas's evening's entertainment, beyond hinting that, to judge from the trophies in the foreground, he has been to a masquerade, and in a conflict with some semi-paralytic watchman—where is Captain Saltabadil?—has carried off the staff and lantern of the guardian of the night. Many more pages could be devoted to the consideration of the Pontacian symposium; but I can't tell all the things that are on the tip of my tongue. I can't tell them, at least, on Cornhill. There is reverence due to young readers. You must wait until the advent of my elephant folio. Meanwhile, go you to Hogarth's own picture, and study its sad details.

It is to be noted as an intentional feature of this young man's career, that from the first he is, as to the belongings of his own sex, Alone. The unlucky lad is an orphan, nay, most probably has never known a mother's care. I can't discover in his after career, until his marriage, that he has any friends, nay, that any living soul save Mrs. Sarah Young, the milliner, cares anything about him. He has, even, no associates, young and wild as himself; and knows nobody beyond tavern-drawers, prize-fighters, and buffoons. He is solitary in the midst of all this revelry and all this vice. Probably Hogarth so isolated him to concentrate the tragic interest of the drama in his person; and yet, I think, some thought prepense must have moved him to teach us that a pocket full of money, lavishly spent, won't buy us friends, or even companions, more reputable than Captain Saltabadil, or Lieutenant Sparafucile, or "Yrs. W^m Stab."

Yet Thomas Rakewell, Esq., goes to Court. All kinds of queer people could make their bow at St. James's a century and a quarter ago; and a birthday reception was almost as incongruous a medley as one of those New Year's night balls at the Czar's Winter Palace, to which almost every man in St. Petersburg who can manage to raise a dress coat, and a pair of patent leather boots, was invited. Moreover, in 1735, there were two excellent recipes for becoming a man of fashion: to wear fine clothes, and to frequent the coffee-houses. Now-a-days, dress has ceased to denote

* The Cæsars,—only six of them are visible, but we may be permitted to assume the existence of the remaining half-dozen,—have been barbarously mutilated. The heads have been cut bodily from the canvas, with one exception, Nero. To complete the propriety of the exemption there should surely have been added to the Cæsars a *silhouette*, at least, of Elagabalus. Pray note the face and figure of the woman ballad-singer yelling out the "Black Joke," the melody of which questionable ditty was selected by Thomas Moore whereto to set the curiously antithetical words beginning "Sublime was the warning that liberty spoke." I think the air is also known by the title of the "Sprig of shamrock so green."

rank, and clubs and the ballot have done away with coffee-house life. Where can a man "drop in" now, and boast that he has mingled with "the wits?" Bah! the wits themselves have departed in peace. Grub Street is pulled down, and Buttons's, Wills's, Toms's are shadows.

Nevertheless, Thomas, in raiment of most astounding splendour, shall go to Court. So wills it Hogarth, in Act the Fourth of the *Rake's Progress*. It is the 1st of March, the birthday of Queen Caroline, and likewise St. David's day. With his usual happy ingenuity, Hogarth has fixed the date by the introduction of a Welsh gentleman (doubtless, a lineal descendant of Captain Fluellen), who—a prodigious leek adorning his hat—is marching proudly along St. James's Street. This Cambro-Briton carries his hands in a muff—a somewhat strange ornament for a gentleman; but muffs were much worn at this time. You may see a beau with a muff in Hogarth's *Taste in High Life*; and I remember that Voltaire, in his *Siècle de Louis Quinze*, tells us, that when Damiens attempted to assassinate the well-beloved king, the courtiers, in consequence of the intense cold, had their hands thrust in enormous muffs.

Tom, embroidered, laced, and powdered up to the eyes, goes to Court in a sedan-chair. It is a hired one, No. 41, and the hinder chairman, by the leek in his hat, would also appear to be a Welshman. The rake's affairs have been going but badly lately. He is deeply dipped. He has made ducks and drakes of all the ready money, all the India bonds and mortgages, all the leases and re-leases. He has been shaking his elbow, my dear. Hogarth insists very plainly on the gambling element in his career. In front of his sedan a group of blackguard boys are gambling on the flags of St. James's Street. Two shoeblacks are deep in dice. Two other ragged little losers—one a news-hawker, it would appear by the post-horn in his girdle, and who carries a voting-ticket in his hat; the other absurdly accoutred in the dilapidated periwig of some adult gambler gone to grief—are equally deep in cards. The hand visible to the spectator—that of the boy in the wig—shows only *black* pips; and on a post you read the word "black." On the other hand, a flash of lightning breaks through the stormy sky,* and points direct to *White's* notorious gaming-house. The allusion is passably significant. It is, doubtless, at *White's* that Tom has gambled away the paternal thousands; but, be it as it may, it is in St. James's Street, going to the birthday drawing-room, that the rake feels the first practical effect of the heraldic monition—"Beware!" The sheriff of Middlesex has been long running up and down in his bailiwick seeking for Tom; and now two catchpoles march up to the sedan-chair, and capture the body of Thomas Rakewell, him to have and to hold at the suit of our sovereign Lord the King and somebody else—very possibly the tailor who had made that fine suit of lace clothes for him. The poor wretch, at best but a faint-hearted shirker of responsibilities, is

* The sky, and indeed the whole background of the fourth tableau, are very badly engraved, and, evidently, not by Hogarth.

quite overwhelmed and cowed at his arrest. Not yet, however; is he to languish in the Fleet or the Marshalsea. Mrs. Sarah Young, the milliner, happens to be passing with her bandbox. Her tender heart is touched at the sight of the perfidious Tom's misery. Bless her for a good woman! She lays her hand on the catchpole's arm. She "stays harsh justice in its mid career;" she whips out a washleather bag full of money, and I declare that she pays Tom's debt and costs, and very presumably gives the catchpoles a guinea for themselves.

Thomas, there is yet time. Thomas, you may make Sarah Young an honest woman, assist her in the millinery business, and become a reputable citizen, occasionally indulging in connubial junketings at Sadler's Wells, or the Bell at Edmonton. There is time. The veiled lady comes on the eve of that fatal supper to warn the libertine, Don Juan. The Commendatore knocks a loud rap at the front door before he comes upstairs. Even Sganarelle was saved—although he lost his wages. He quaked and repented amid the terrors of that Feast of Stone. Turn again, Thomas; ere thou herdest with swine. Alas! I think the wretched youth might have turned indeed, if he had had a father or mother. He had none, and there was no fatted calf at home. There was Sarah Young; and —

Thus he requites her in Act the Fifth—the last act in most dramas; but there are more to come in Tom's life history. Released from the catchpoles' claws, the ungrateful Rakewell, now become mercenary, hunts up what is called a "City fortune." A rich old maid, dreadfully ugly, and with a decided cast in her eye, is foolish enough to marry him; and married the badly-assorted pair are in Marylebone Church. See them at the altar. The parson is purblind, the clerk is gaunt and hungry-looking. The rake has grown unhealthily fat. The bride is very splendid and hideous. Not so the little charity-boy, who adjusts the hassock for her to kneel upon. He has a pretty, innocent face, but his clothes are patched and ragged, as if the governors of the Charitable Grinders, to whose school he belongs, didn't treat him very liberally. Indeed, there is a woeful want of charity visible in the whole proceeding. Arachne has been busy with the poor-box; and an overgrown spider's web has been woven over the orifice of that charitable coffer. A crack runs through the ninth commandment on the tablet within the communion-rails. Two dogs are snarling at one another.* In the distant aisle, the pew-openers and almswomen are squabbling, and even coming to blows—clapperclawing one another with great fury—over the largess given by the bridegroom; while—can I believe my eyes?—there appears, meekly kneeling as bridesmaid, and holding up the bride's train, a comely young woman, who bears a remarkable resemblance to Mrs. Sarah Young. Surely, it is somewhat

* The presence of these animals in the sacred edifice has been objected to as an anomaly; but it must be remembered that church doors stood open somewhat wider than at present in Hogarth's time, and that it was one of the specified duties of the beadle to "WHIP THE DOGS OUT OF THE CHURCH." The beadle in Hogarth's picture is probably busied in counting his gains on the church-steps.

overdoing charity and longsuffering for her to officiate at the marriage of this wrinkled harriidan with the man she has loved. Perhaps the likeness may be accidental; or, perhaps, it may be acceptable as a supportable hypothesis that Sarah, deprived of her capital by her generosity to the rake in his distress, has been compelled to give up the millinery business, and go into service as lady's-maid to the squinting spinster, even as Lydia became handmaiden to the widow Green. Her mistress being married, she accompanies her to church, and tells not her love, but suffers, and loves on unrepiningly.

The money Rakewell got by this marriage of perjury goes very soon in the pandemonium where his first patrimony was wasted. He gambles it away. The scene of the gaming-house is terrible. Artistically, it is one of the finest compositions ever designed by a painter. The rake, now haggard and battered, bare-pated, carelessly arrayed, frantic at his losses, kneels with uplifted arm and clinched fist, uttering vain imprecations to Heaven. He is ruined, body and bones. A drunken lord hugs a bully who steals his silver-hilted sword. Another *magnifico*, sumptuously attired, is borrowing money of an ancient usurer in rags;—he knew Tom's father well, but would not lend the beggared profligate a guinea now. Of all the dreadful company the money-lender is sober, cool, and collected, and makes a neat entry in his memoranda of his loan to my lord. One man has gone to sleep; another, an old gambler, seems stupefied by his reverses, and cannot hear the waiter-lad who brings him a glass of liquor, and bawls in his ear for payment. It is but a squalid kind of Hades, and there is no trust. A fierce black dog—he is the usurer's watch-dog. Tear'em, you may be sure—leaps up at the blaspheming rake, and adds by his yelling to the outcry of this demoniacal crew. A sharper, whose face we cannot see, but whose flabby, covetous hand is strangely suggestive, takes advantage of a sudden alarm to purloin the stakes on the table. Do you know what the alarm is? It is Fire. Some crazed desperado has been brandishing a flambeau. The wainscot catches. The watch come bursting in, and Hades is in flames!

The race of "silly Tom," begun at Epsom, is nearly run. Tattenham Corner has been turned long ago, and he is fast approaching the post and the Judge's chair. But he has a couple more stands to pass. Behold the penultimate in Act the Seventh of this eventful history. Tom is a hopeless captive for debt in the Fleet Prison. He has squandered the "city fortune" of his squinting wife. The gold is gone; but the oblique-eyed lady remains to plague and torture him with her face and her reproaches. She visits him in prison, only to scold and abuse. Thomas is on his last legs. He has turned dramatic author, and has written a play, which he has sent to Manager Rich, and which Manager Rich won't have. "Sir,—I have read your play, and find it will not *doe*. Yours, J. R." Such is the impresario's curt form of refusal. The keeper—a crafty-looking successor of the far-famed Bambridge, with his big key and his yawning account-book, glazes over the shoulder of the penniless spendthrift, and

demands "garnish." The boy from the neighbouring tavern won't leave the pot of porter unless he is paid for it. Trust is dead; and the manuscript of the rejected play would not bring twopence, even as waste paper.

Hither, unalterable in her devotion, comes the poor wronged milliner to comfort the ruined man. Unhappily her visit is paid at the time when the vixen lady with the squint is present. There is a passage of arms, or rather of words, between the two. The ex-old maid has the best of the encounter over the ex-young one. Sarah faints; the legitimate Mrs. Rakewell shaking her fist at, and vituperating her. Some pity is to be found even in this abode of woe. A miserable inmate assists the fainting Sarah. Poor wretch! he has every mark of having long been an inhabitant of this dismal mansion. From his pocket is pendent a scroll, on which is written: "A scheme to pay the National Debt. By J. L., now a prisoner in the Fleet." All his attention is given to the debts of the Commonwealth. His own private liabilities he has forgotten. Sarah has a child with her—Tom's child, alas!—and the cries of this infant serve—for you really hear them, as it were—to heighten the sad interest of the scene. On the tester of a bed are a huge pair of wings, doubtless the crack-brained invention of some prisoner who has striven to wile away the weary hours of his confinement by vain attempts to imitate Dædalus; but there is a chemist in the background happily absorbed in contemplating his retort, and caring nothing for all the noise and squalor and wretchedness around him. We will drop the curtain, if you please.

To raise it again in Act the Eighth, and last; in one of the wards of Bedlam. Tom Rakewell has gone stark, staring mad, and ends here—here among the maniacs that gibber, and those that howl, and those that fancy themselves kings and popes. He ends here on straw, naked and clawing himself, and manacled. But Sarah Young, the woman whom he has wronged, is with him to the last, and comforts and cherishes him; and—Heaven be merciful to us all! So ends the *Rake's Progress*; a drama in Eight Acts, as I have designated it, and, assuredly, one of the saddest and most forcible dramas that was ever conceived by human brain, or executed by human hand. I have dwelt at this length upon it, because I think it exhibits, in the superlative degree, the development of those qualities in art and in philosophy which have made William Hogarth so justly famous.

The House that John Built.

THE house in which Mr. John Company lived and died is to be let; or to be sold to the highest bidder. His successor is going "farther West." It is the way with this generation. The homes in which their fathers dwelt and prospered, and made their fortunes—the good old roomy family mansions, in the heart of the Metropolis, are not good enough for them. They must spend their inheritance in the "neighbourhood of the parks." All their friends, they tell you, live in those regions, and it is so much more convenient for them. The successor, therefore, of the late Mr. John Company, only does like the rest of the world, when he sighs for straitened space in a more fashionable atmosphere, and emigrates from Leadenhall Street to Westminster.

There are manifest signs, already, of this coming migration; and, after the lapse of a few months, all that will be left of Mr. Company's once thriving and populous establishment will be the walls of his deserted house. It will be a sore trial for many to watch the after-growth of this desertion. The great, solemn, suggestive pile, with all its historical associations, will be pulled down and sold, as so many lots of brick and plaster. To what vile uses the empty site will be put, it lies not in my knowledge to record. My mind is agitated by a succession of rumours. I hear of a railway-station on one day; on the next, they talk to me of an extension of the market; then again, of a great street, or square, of offices and chambers. It does not much matter. I shall never pass that way again. When Mr. Company's once famous residence is blotted out, like another Carthage, Leadenhall Street will not be Leadenhall Street; the City will not be the City to me. I, indeed, who have ascended the steps of that venerable mansion, man and boy, every week-day (holidays excepted), for fifty years, can hardly realize the idea of a London without Mr. Company's house.

It is said, that his successor is minded to build a fine new mansion of his own in the aristocratic regions of Whitehall. He has been talking about it now ever since good Mr. Company's decease; but he cannot make up his mind whether to content himself with an Italian palace or with a Gothic cathedral. Mr. Company was above all foppery of that kind. He had an eye to business, not to show; and his house was good for business purposes. Moreover, he was too proud, after he had retired from trade, to live in hired lodgings, as his successor is about to do. And *such* lodgings! The sag-end of a public-house! Passing up Victoria Street, the other day, with a friend, to look at the new Victoria railway station, the place taken for the transaction of the business of the late Mr. Company was pointed out to me. And when I saw the wretched, attenuated, wedged-

shaped affair—more like a house built of cards, than of dignified masonry—I could not help exclaiming to my companion, in bitterness of spirit, “Call you that thing an India House, indeed?”

I do not purpose to follow my new master to his West-end lodgings. Not that, in the abstract, I have any objection to a tavern; for, in his early days, Mr. Company transacted business at the Bull Inn, in Bishopsgate Street; or at the Nag’s Head, over against Bishopsgate Church. For Mr. Company was a man of small beginnings; and being thrifty, as became him at first, he was slow to spend his substance on such costly commodities as brick and mortar. When he first went to Leadenhall, he took, at a yearly rent of 100*l.*, the house known by that name, the property of Sir William Craven, and there he lived and transacted business for many years; and what sort of a residence it was, may be learnt by the inspection of a rare print, from an old Dutch painting in the possession of Mr. Pulman, formerly an esteemed servant of Mr. Company.



MR. COMPANY'S FIRST HOUSE IN LEADENHALL.

and It was not until a comparatively recent period, when the good gentleman's trade had insensibly drifted into conquest, and much to his own chagrin he had become the owner of forts, as well as factories, in the East, and was fast swelling into a possessor of extensive territories, and lord of I know not how many millions of subjects, that he became the proprietor of a dignified mansion of his own building. As his estate increased, he added to, and ornamented the structure, until it grew into the stately edifice which has absorbed the best part of my life.*

I cannot go to work elsewhere. Why should I? I have served my time. My sands of business-life have run out. I am too old now to reconcile myself to any new associations. I cannot, with complacency, foster the idea of the diurnal walk down Whitehall, jostled by the young popinjays of the Foreign Office and the Treasury. It was bruited, at one time, that the former—the gentlemen who do the foreign business of Mr. Bull—were to share with Mr. Company's successor one vast quadrilateral abode. I shudder at the thought of the consequences. I have heard that the foreign gentlemen are wont to smoke all day at their office; and I cannot forget that smoking is a vice, against falling into which it was the custom of Mr. Company, in most impressive language, to warn *his* young gentlemen, before he dismissed them for the East. I have heard the venerable master illustrate, in the presence of a score or so of fine young striplings, in his military committee-room, with such a flow of forcible and appropriate words, the dreadful tendencies of the pipe, that every youth in Mr. Company's presence, who had commenced his downward career with a mild Havannah, must have seen a dreadful end before him—dying of delirium tremens in a ditch—and must have felt the delinquent weeds turning to red-hot cinders in his pocket, beneath the kindling eloquence of the experienced monitor. And now,

* The engraving on the opposite page is a facsimile of an old print, representing the house in Leadenhall Street, in which the East India Company transacted their business between the years 1648 and 1726. It was described as "a very large building with spacious rooms, very commodious for such a public concern," with an extensive hall or vestibule, a courtyard, and a garden, with warehouses on the Lime Street side, by which the Company's goods were carried in and out. This structure escaped the ravages of the Great Fire. But in 1726 it was pulled down; the Company's business had outgrown the capacities of the house; and a new building was erected on the old site, the Company, whilst the work of reconstruction was going on, transacting their affairs at the old Custom House, in Fenchurch Street. The house erected in 1726 is described by some contemporary writers as "very magnificent, in the Doric order." But after the Company expanded into conquerors and rulers, some doubt of the magnificence of their house appears to have been entertained; what was a splendid abode for a corporation of merchants was held to be a mean asylum for the sovereigns of a great empire; and the India House was then described by Mr. Pennant as "not worthy of the Lords of Hindostan." Before the end of the century, the Company themselves grew ashamed of their unassuming tenement, and they decorated it with its present portico, and otherwise improved the building. The new works were commenced in 1797, and completed two years afterwards, Mr. Jupp, the Company's surveyor, being the architect. Subsequent additions were made by Cockerell and Wilkins.

to think that this good man's counter-blast should be so forgotten; that there is a near prospect of even his domestic servants, vitiated by example, doing their work with pipes in their mouths!

West-end habits will be the natural growth of a West-end atmosphere. The once regular, punctual establishment of Mr. Company, transplanted to the neighbourhood of the Parks, will dribble into office at one o'clock. Ten o'clock, ante meridiem, was Mr. Company's time; and it pleased him to see his servants, except upon especial occasions, such as as court-days, or the despatch of a mail to the East, clear out at four o'clock. There was a general stir at the great house about that hour; and for years I had my dinner, close upon Ball's Pond, at the hour of five; recovering sufficiently therefrom before eight, to despatch two hours' extra work before retiring to rest. But now the late Mr. Company's servants do not know when they may get home. Their master comes and goes at all hours. He has other duties to perform, and other places to attend. Her most Gracious Majesty requires his presence at the Palace; the High Court of Parliament has need of him at St. Stephen's; a Cabinet Council of the great Ministers of State cannot do without his particular wisdom in Downing Street. He must come to office when he can—when other people will let him. It was not so with Mr. Company, who had his own time at his command, and kept business hours, from ten to four, like a good citizen and a good Christian.

And very excellent domestic servants had Mr. Company, who lived with him in his great house, and did his business with regularity and precision. He paid them handsomely, and they served him well. "A good day's wage for a good day's work," was his motto. There was not an establishment in all the country whereat men wrought more diligently during their appointed time, or were better cared for at the end of it. Good Mr. Company had many ways of showing his kindness, or what he was wont to call, his gratitude, to his servants. Once a year he formally thanked them in the Court-room. For any especial proficiency shown—proficiency combined with diligence—he would, in the most gracious manner, increase the wages of the worthy servant; so that every one had a strong incentive to exertion, feeling that he was sure of his reward. He bestowed liberal pensions upon his old servants, and established a provident fund, whereto he contributed largely from his own stores, for the relief of the widow and the orphan. And he was always prone to take into his establishment the sons of those who had served him well; for he held that such service founded an irresistible claim to his patronage, and he had no light fancies on the score of what is now called public competition. He took into his pay whomsoever he pleased, and would have thought it a shame not to have about him men in the second and third generation of hereditary service; so that even a humble clerk like myself would feel, as his sons grew up around him, writing fair, legible hands, that he would, under Providence and good Mr. Company, be able to find desks for them in the great mansion in Leadenhall. There was, I have often

been told, much comfort and sustentation in this thought; but thereof I know nothing of myself, my hopes in that direction having been sorely blighted about the same time, and in the same mournful manner, as the great hopes of the British nation were cut off by the untimely death of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, the grief and anxiety engendered by which lamentable event brought my Emily Jane, a week afterwards, in her twentieth year, to the grave, with *her* scarce-born baby at her breast.

A solitary man ever since, I have seen the sons and the grandsons of my fellow-servants enter Mr. Company's establishment, and I have rejoiced in their success. I have not yet brought myself to think that the Civil Service Commissioners would have fostered the growth of a more exemplary class of public functionaries. It is true that many may have gone into his house, knowing little or nothing of the special business which they were to be called upon to perform. But, in these days of competitive examinations, the case is no better; for a capacity to name the person who introduced Homer's writings into Greece, or to describe the functions of the Areopagite, does not help a man to understand the system of revenue collection on the estates of the late Mr. Company; and I doubt whether a youth is likely to learn whether a *pergunnah* is a human being, a wild beast, or a tract of country, less promptly and accurately, for having a father or an elder brother to explain it to him. But it was good Mr. Company's notion that, in every large establishment like his, there should be good heads and good hands. The good hands might grow into good heads, but, if not, he said he must go abroad in search of the latter. And he often did so; looking only for merit, and finding it sometimes in unexpected places. Thus there was a just balance preserved between the hands and the heads; and he was wont to observe sometimes, in a jocular way, that he supposed, under the new system, there would be nothing but heads; everybody thinking it his vocation to dictate despatches, and nobody condescending to write them.

Among Mr. Company's servants, from time to time, have been some distinguished authors, known and honoured by the present generation, and presenting fair claims to the knowledge and the honour of remote posterity. Among these was the famous Mr. Hoole, who translated into English verse some of the principal works of the Italian poets, Tasso and Ariosto—regarding one of which translations a noble English bard observed, tauntingly, that it was "but so-so,"—which must not be held to detract from the learned gentleman's reputation as a servant of Mr. Company, who carried on no Italian trade. Mr. Hoole lived before my time; but there was another celebrated writer, of whose large head and small legs I have a lively recollection—the late Mr. Charles Lamb. He was a highly-esteemed author in his time, and is still held in pleasant remembrance by the whole Anglo-Saxon race. Literary aspirants from the United States of America have come down to Mr. Company's house in Leadenhall Street, on a pilgrimage to see the stool on which Mr. Lamb performed the duties

of his office. Those duties were neither of an imaginative nor a humorous kind, and I have not heard that he attained to any very high place in Mr. Company's establishment. But we are all in our house rather proud of him, the more especially as he once let fall a very famous joke, which the traditions of Leadenhall Street will "not willingly let die." It having been remarked to him one day, by the head of his department, that he was in the habit of coming somewhat late to office, he pleasantly replied that he "made up for it by going away early."

There were other stories told concerning him whereof I can only remember one, namely, that on a certain occasion, playing at cards, he observed to a friend, "If dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold!" a remark which, if made to one of his fellow-servants, must have had strictly material application, for, figuratively, Mr. Company's domestic servants have always been famous for clean hands. Though continually beset by suitors with long purses and a natural gift of bribery; it is not on record that, though many have been tempted, they ever once yielded to temptation. I know one who might quietly have grown rich in this way, had he so willed, but who, having a family that has increased faster than his wages, is now poor and in debt.

We have not had many jokes to enliven us since worthy Mr. Lamb retired on his pension; indeed, the atmosphere of Mr. Company's house is rather solemn and decorous, and such levities (whereof, however, I confess myself to be weakly tolerant) may be regarded as out of place. This, however, is of the nature of a digression or parenthesis. Mr. Company had other very distinguished servants, who occupied high places in his house. There was the celebrated historian Mr. James Mill, who wrote an account of India in three volumes quarto, which I read with much attention, after office hours, in the first years of my service, before the famous battle of Waterloo, which resulted in the defeat of Napoleon Bonaparte's troops and the downfall of the usurper. We were reasonably proud of Mr. James Mill; but as years advanced we took a still greater pride in his son, who was brought up amongst us, and who, if he did not imbibe philosophy with his mother's milk, must have found it in some odd corner of Mr. Company's house. This was the great logician and political economist, Mr. John Stuart Mill, whose wisdom was not inferior to that of King Solomon, or of my Lord-Chancellor Bacon. I use the past tense only with reference to the great man's position in this establishment, for it delights me to say that he is still one of the living ornaments of his generation. There is another, too, of Mr. Company's old servants whose light is still shining amongst us—whose wisdom delights in more playful forms of expression than any to which Mr. Mill ever condescended, but who is a philosopher in spite of the motley, wherein the author of *Crotchet Castle* and *Headlong Hall* is sometimes pleased to attire the body of his thoughts.

A hospitable gentleman, too, in his day, was Mr. Company. He gave magnificent banquets on great occasions, and there was continually flowing

on, in his house, a small under-current of festivity. All day long, trays were passing to and fro, in the passages and vestibules of his spacious mansion, bearing breakfasts of divers sorts, early and late. He determined that his principal servants should not faint under their work, and he provided them with refreshments of a cheering, but not inebriating kind. Whether this good old custom was originally ingrained upon his vocation of tea-dealer, I do not pretend to know. But I have often thought that perhaps, as grocers suffer their apprentices to consume figs and raisins at discretion (until they are sick of them), so this great, princely tea-dealer set no stint upon his supplies of tea. But abuses presently crept in; and tea was commuted for coffee; and coffee for cocoa—until all three were in a state of rival currency through Mr. Company's house, at all hours, from the opening to the closing of the establishment. After some thirty years' of service, I attained by gradual promotion, a position in the house entitling me to the regulation refreshments. But scarcely was the good old master cold in his grave, when this privilege was altogether withdrawn, and not even a crumb of bread was to be obtained without paying for it. I was sometimes, under this deprivation, induced to think of the saying of a certain driver of a hack cabriolet, in one of the *jeux-d'esprit* of the humorous Mr. Punch,—“The genteeler the party, the worsen the fare.” But I am bound, in honesty, though not in gratitude, to add, that whatever may have been the intention of the retrenchment, the result was not otherwise than beneficent; for, although mindful of the very proper monition “not to look a gift-horse in the mouth,” I can say nothing against the mild demulcent beverages, gratuitously supplied by Mr. Company to his servants, having substituted therefor, at my own charges, a glass of Mr. Bass's tonic ale, with the modest accompaniment of a hard biscuit, I feel so much advantaged by the change, that I do not begrudge the daily groat it costs me.

But it was on the occasion of his great civic banquets that the magnificent hospitality of this good gentleman was most conspicuously manifested. He would never suffer a departing governor, or a commander, to go forth on his Oriental mission without bidding him God-speed in the richest turtle and the finest claret. I have heard from the chief of my department (for being only a clerk, I was not admitted within the pale of Mr. Company's personal guests) that these banquets were so well ordered that the city has never seen the like of them before or since. They combined, as I have been told, the splendour of regal festivity with the comfort and sociality of a private party. Not only were the right men in the right places, but the right number of men were in the right number of places. There was no crowding and no confusion. Obsequious waiters proffered you, as if by instinct, the right thing at the right time. There was an anticipation of your particular want, only to be equalled in the fabulous entertainments of the “Arabian Nights.” And I have heard that the after-dinner eloquence was often of the best kind. The leading men of both Houses of Parliament sate as guests at Mr. Company's board.

And it was with a rare appreciation of the dignity both of the entertainer and the entertained that Mr. Harker, or Mr. Toole, the toastmaster, was wont to perform the duties of his office. I have often heard speak of the tone of meek but sonorous entreaty with which he invited those present to listen to a coming toast:—"My lords and gentle-men, pray si-lence for the chair"—pausing deferentially between each syllable, and, as it were, apologizing to the august assembly for his intrusion; differing therein greatly from his wont on vulgar occasions, such as charity-dinners, to which I have obtained admission by payment of a guinea, and have been authoritatively rebuked into attention by the curt, dictatorial mandate—"Silence gentlemen chair;" as if the toast-master was altogether demeaning himself, and was there only under protest.

To these banquets and to others, which Mr. Company called his family parties, and which were served with equal magnificence—for he made no distinction between his guests—he was wont to invite such of his servants as had returned from his East Indian estates, and were recruiting their health in the milder climate of their native country. It was a compliment due to them by Mr. Company, who being much immersed in business during the day, had not time to give receptions to his servants coming from abroad, and yet was unwilling to suffer them to slink into England and slink out of it altogether unnoticed. I am sure that no one was ever a worse soldier or a worse civilian for having partaken of Mr. Company's turtle; and I have often thought, on the other hand, that there may have been odd times, when, in that exhausting Eastern climate, the flagging zeal and waning energies of his servants, may have been stimulated and renewed, by a genial reminiscence of Mr. Company's venerable face, glowing with Burgundy and Benevolence, at the head of that great table, surrounded by the princes and the honourable of the earth, and with a gallery full of beautiful ladies opposite, showering down upon him their angelic regards. I have heard something called "the cheap defence of nations." But I know nothing to which the phrase can be so aptly applied as to Mr. Company's dinners. When they ceased to be given, everything went wrong.

Everything went wrong—so wrong, at last, that Mr. Company was killed by the shock. How it happened will, perhaps, never be rightly explained. There was a great commotion on the good gentleman's Indian estates; and the black people rose up against their white masters, and there was bloodshed and terror everywhere. Mr. Company took it sorely to heart. He grieved for his distant servants, and he wrought mightily to deliver them, sending out, at his own charges, large bodies of troops, and otherwise exerting himself to rescue his imperilled people. But there was great loss of life and treasure all the same, which was a grievous thorn in poor Mr. Company's flesh; and he groaned in spirit, day and night, praying for fortitude and patience to bear it all, which perhaps would have been vouchsafed to him if there had not been worse trials behind. It fell out that when things were at their worst, some of the chief servants

of Mr. Bull fell upon him and mocked him. They laid at his door all the offences which either they had committed themselves or had urged him to commit. He said it was cowardly; for they smote him when he was down. He rose up against this wrong, and turned, and resisted it. But his enemies were too strong for him, and they prevailed. He was laid upon the couch of death, and the last agonies were upon him; but he sate up ere he died, and in solemn oracular accents cried, "Beware of Par—," and before the word was finished, fell back and expired. Some said that the word he would have spoken was "Parliament;" some said it was "Party;" others said it was all the same thing; it did not matter; they might take their choice. He was, doubtless, thinking of his vast estates in India, and how they were likely to be lost.

When I have talked about a monument to Mr. Company, I have received from more than one of his devoted servants the significant answer, "Sir, his monument is the continent of India. There is a picture of it in every book of maps." And there is a grandeur in the thought worthy of the occasion. But I still hope, that if the dear old house wherein he lived and flourished is to be levelled with the ground, they will erect a pillar on the site of Mr. Company's famous court-room, with a decorous inscription, setting forth that on that spot lived and died an English worthy, who contributed more, in his time, to the greatness of his country, than any man who ever lived. As for myself, I purpose, for my few remaining years, to keep my gratitude alive in another way. I shall become possessor of a fragment—a few cubic inches—of the house itself, and I shall place it under a glass case, in the best room of my humble villa in Barnsbury Park, Islington; and it shall go down, with my poor savings, to my next of kin, with an inscription engraved upon it, suggestive alike of the dear old mansion and the dear old master:—

<p>A BRICK OF THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.</p>
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Roundabout Papers.—No. V.

THORNS IN THE CUSHION.



N the Essay with which our first Number closed, the CORNHILL MAGAZINE was likened to a ship sailing forth on her voyage, and the captain uttered a very sincere prayer for her prosperity. The dangers of storm and rock; the vast outlay upon ship and cargo, and the certain risk of the venture, gave the chief officer a feeling of no small anxiety; for who could say from what quarter

danger might arise, and how his owner's property might be imperilled? After a six months' voyage, we with very thankful hearts could acknowledge our good fortune; and, taking up the apologue in the Roundabout manner, we composed a triumphal procession in honour of the Magazine, and imagined the Emperor thereof riding in a sublime car to return thanks in the Temple of Victory. Cornhill is accustomed to grandeur and greatness, and has witnessed, every ninth of November for I don't know how many centuries, a prodigious annual pageant, chariot progress, and flourish of trumpet; and our publishing office being so very near the Mansion-House, I am sure the reader will understand how the idea of pageant and procession came naturally to my mind. The imagination easily supplied a gold coach, eight cream-coloured horses of your true Pegasus breed, huzzaying multitudes, running footmen, and clanking knights in armour, a chaplain and a sword-bearer with a muf on his head, scowling out of the coach-window, and a Lord Mayor all crimson, fur, gold chain, and white ribbons, solemnly occupying the place of state. A playful fancy could have carried the matter farther, could have depicted the feast in the Egyptian Hall, the ministers, chief-justices, and right reverend prelates taking their seats round about his lordship, the turtle and other

delicious viands, and Mr. Toole behind the central throne, bawling out to the assembled guests and dignitaries: "My Lord So-and-so, my Lord What-d'ye-call-'em, my Lord Etcætera, the Lord Mayor pledges you all in a loving cup." Then the noble proceedings come to an end; Lord Simper proposes the ladies; the company rises from table, and adjourns to coffee and muffins. The carriages of the nobility and guests roll back to the West. The Egyptian Hall, so bright just now, appears in a twilight glimmer, in which waiters are seen ransacking the dessert, and rescuing the spoons. His lordship and the Lady Mayoress go into their private apartments. The robes are doffed, the collar and white ribbons are removed. The Mayor becomes a man, and is pretty surely in a flutter about the speeches which he has just uttered; remembering too well now, wretched creature, the principal points which he *didn't* make when he rose to speak. He goes to bed to headache, to care, to repentance, and, I dare say, to a dose of something which his body-physician has prescribed for him. And there are ever so many men in the city who fancy that man happy!

Now, suppose that all through that 9th of November his lordship has had a racking rheumatism, or a toothache, let us say, during all dinner-time—through which he has been obliged to grin and mumble his poor old speeches. Is he enviable? Would you like to change with his lordship? Suppose that bumper which his golden footman brings him, instead of fackins of ypoeras or canary, contains some abomination of senna. Away! Remove the golden goblet, insidious cup-bearer! You now begin to perceive the gloomy moral which I am about to draw.

Last month we sang the song of glorification, and rode in the chariot of triumph. It was all very well. It was right to huzzay, and be thankful, and cry, Bravo, our side! and besides, you know, there was the enjoyment of thinking how pleased Brown, and Jones, and Robinson (our dear friends) would be at this announcement of success. But now that the performance is over, my good sir, just step into my private room, and see that it is not all pleasure—this winning of successes. Cast your eye over those newspapers, over those letters. See what the critics say of your harmless jokes, neat little trim sentences, and pet waggeries! Why, you are no better than an idiot; you are drivelling; your powers have left you; this always overrated writer is rapidly sinking to &c.

This is not pleasant; but neither is this the point. It may be the critic is right, and the author wrong. It may be that the archbishop's sermon is not so fine as some of those discourses twenty years ago which used to delight the faithful in Granada. Or it may be (pleasing thought!) that the critic is a dullard, and does not understand what he is writing about. Everybody who has been to an exhibition has heard visitors discoursing about the pictures before their faces. One says, "This is very well;" another says, "This is stuff and rubbish;" another cries, "Brave! this is a masterpiece:" and each has a right to his opinion. For example, one of the pictures I admired most at the Royal Academy

is by a gentleman on whom I never, to my knowledge, set eyes. This picture is No. 346, *Moses*, by Mr. S. Solomon. I thought it had a great intention. I thought it finely drawn and composed. It nobly represented, to my mind, the dark children of the Egyptian bondage, and suggested the touching story. My newspaper says: "Two ludicrously ugly women, looking at a dingy baby, do not form a pleasing object;" and so good-bye, Mr. Solomon. Are not most of our babies served so in life? and doesn't Mr. Robinson consider Mr. Brown's cherub an ugly, squalling little brat? So cheer up, Mr. S. S. It may be the critic who discoursed on your baby is a bad judge of babies. When Pharaoh's kind daughter found the child, and cherished and loved it, and took it home, and found a nurse for it, too, I daresay there were grim, brickdust-coloured chamberlains, or some of the tough, old, meagre, yellow princesses at court, who never had children themselves, who cried out, "Faugh! the horrid little squalling wretch!" and knew he would never come to good; and said, "Didn't I tell you so?" when he assaulted the Egyptian.

Never mind then, Mr. S. Solomon, I say, because a critic pooh-poohs your work of art—your Moses—your child—your foundling. Why, did not a wiseacre in *Blackwood's Magazine* lately fall foul of *Tom Jones*? O hypercritic! So, to be sure, did good old Mr. Richardson, who could write novels himself—but you, and I, and Mr. Gibbon, my dear sir, agree in giving our respect, and wonder, and admiration, to the brave old master.

In these last words I am supposing the respected reader to be endowed with a sense of humour, which he may or may not possess; indeed, don't we know many an honest man who can no more comprehend a joke, than he can turn a tune. But I take for granted, my dear sir, that you are brimming over with fun—you mayn't make jokes, but you could if you would—you know you could: and in your quiet way you enjoy them extremely. Now many people neither make them, nor understand them when made, nor like them when understood; and are suspicious, testy, and angry with jokers. Have you ever watched an elderly male or female—an elderly "party," so to speak, who begins to find out that some young wag of the company is "chaffing" him. Have you ever tried the sarcastic or Socratic method with a child? Little simple he or she, in the innocence of the simple heart, plays some silly freak, or makes some absurd remark, which you turn to ridicule. The little creature dimly perceives that you are making fun of him, writhes, blushes, grows uneasy, bursts into tears—upon my word it is not fair to try the weapon of ridicule upon that innocent young victim. The awful oburgatory practice he is accustomed to. Point out his fault, and lay bare the dire consequences thereof: expose it roundly, and give him a proper, solemn, moral whipping—but do not attempt to *castigare ridendo*. Do not laugh at him writhing, and cause all the other boys in the school to laugh. Remember your own young days at school, my friend—the tingling cheeks, burning ears, bursting heart, and passion of desperate tears, with which

you looked up, after having performed some blunder, whilst the doctor held you to public scorn before the class, and cracked his great clumsy jokes upon you—helpless, and a prisoner! Better the block itself, and the lictors, with their *fascæ* of birch-twigs, than the maddening torture of those jokes!

Now with respect to jokes—and the present company of course excepted—many people, perhaps most people, are as infants. They have little sense of humour. They don't like jokes. Raillery in writing annoys and offends them. The coarseness apart, I think I have met very, very few women who liked the banter of Swift and Fielding. Their simple, tender natures revolt at laughter. Is the satyr always a wicked brute at heart, and are they rightly shocked at his grin, his leer, his horns, hoofs, and ears? *Fi donc, le vilain monstre*, with his shrieks, and his capering crooked legs! Let him go and get a pair of well-wadded black silk stockings, and pull them over those horrid shanks; put a large gown and bands over beard and hide; and pour a dozen of lavender-water into his lawn handkerchief, and cry, and never make a joke again. It shall all be highly-distilled poesy, and perfumed sentiment, and gushing eloquence; and the foot *shan't* peep out, and a plague take it. Cover it up with the surplice. Out with your cambric, dear ladies, and let us all whimper together.

Now, then, hand on heart, we declare that it is not the fire of adverse critics which afflicts or frightens the editorial bosom. They may be right; they may be rogues who have a personal spite; they may be dullards who kick and bray as their nature is to do, and prefer thistles to pine-apples; they may be conscientious, acute, deeply learned, delightful judges, who see your joke in a moment, and the profound wisdom lying underneath. Wise or dull, laudatory or otherwise, we put their opinions aside. If they applaud, we are pleased: if they shake their quick pens, and fly off with a hiss, we resign their favours and put on all the fortitude we can muster. I would rather have the lowest man's good word than his bad one, to be sure; but as for coaxing a compliment, or wheedling him into good-humour, or stopping his angry mouth with a good dinner, or accepting his contributions for a certain Magazine, for fear of his barking and snapping elsewhere—*allons donc!* These shall not be our acts. Bow-wow, Cerberus! Here shall be no sop for thee, unless—unless Cerberus is an uncommonly good dog, when we shall bear no malice because he flew at us from our neighbour's gate.

What, then, is the main grief you spoke of as annoying you—the toothache in the Lord Mayor's jaw, the thorn in the cushion of the editorial chair? It is there. Ah! it stings me now as I write. It comes with almost every morning's post. At night I come home, and take my letters up to bed (not daring to open them), and in the morning I find one, two, three thorns on my pillow. Three I extracted yesterday; two I found this morning. They don't sting quite so sharply as they did; but a skin is a skin, and they bite, after all, most wickedly. It is all very

fine to advertise on the Magazine, "Contributions are only to be sent to 65, Cornhill, and not to the Editor's private residence." My dear sir, how little you know man- or woman- kind, if you fancy they will take that sort of warning! How am I to know (though, to be sure, I begin to know now) as I take the letters off the tray, which of those envelopes contains a real *bonâ fide* letter, and which a thorn? One of the best invitations this year I mistook for a thorn-letter, and kept it without opening. This is what I call a thorn-letter:—

"Camberwell, June 4.

"SIR,—May I hope, may I entreat, that you will favour me by perusing the enclosed lines, and that they may be found worthy of insertion in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE. We have known better days, sir. I have a sick and widowed mother to maintain, and little brothers and sisters who look to me. I do my utmost as a governess to support them. I toil at night when they are at rest, and my own hand and brain are alike tired. If I could add but a *little* to our means by my pen, many of my poor invalid's wants might be supplied, and I could procure for her comforts to which she is now a stranger. Heaven knows it is not for want of *will* or for want of *energy* on my part, that she is now in ill-health, and our little household almost without bread. Do—do cast a kind glance over my poem, and if you can help us, the widow, the orphans will bless you! I remain, sir, anxious expectancy.

"Your faithful servant,

"S. S. S."

And enclosed is a little poem or two, and an envelope with its penny stamp—Heaven help us!—and the writer's name and address.

Now you see what I mean by a thorn. Here is the case put with true female logic. "I am poor; I am good; I am ill; I work hard; I have a sick mother and hungry brothers and sisters dependent on me. You can help us if you will." And then I look at the paper, with the thousandth part of a faint hope that it may be suitable, and I find it won't do: and I knew it wouldn't do: and why is this poor lady to appeal to my pity and bring her poor little ones kneeling to my bedside, and calling for bread which I can give them if I choose? No day passes but that argument *ad misericordiam* is used. Day and night that sad voice is crying out for help. Thrice it appealed to me yesterday. Twice this morning it cried to me: and I have no doubt when I go to get my hat, I shall find it with its piteous face and its pale family about it, waiting for me in the hall. One of the immense advantages which women have over our sex is, that they actually like to read these letters. Like letters? O mercy on us! Before I was an editor I did not like the postman much:—but now!

A very common way with these petitioners is to begin with a fine flummery about the merits and eminent genius of the person whom they are addressing. But this artifice, I state publicly, is of no avail. When I see

that kind of herb, I know the snake within it, and sling it away before it has time to sting. Away, reptile, to the waste-paper basket, and thence to the flames!

But of these disappointed people, some take their disappointment and meekly bear it. Some hate and hold you their enemy because you could not be their friend. Some, furious and envious, say: "Who is this man who refuses what I offer, and how dares he, the conceited coxcomb, to deny my merit?"

Sometimes my letters contain not mere thorns, but bludgeons. Here are two choice slips from that noble Irish oak, which has more than once supplied alpeens for this meek and unoffending skull:—

"Theatre Royal, Donnybrook.

"SIR,—I have just finished reading the first portion of your Tale, *Lovel the Widower*, and am much surprised at the unwarrantable strictures you pass therein on the *corps de ballet*.

"I have been for more than ten years connected with the theatrical profession, and I beg to assure you that the majority of the *corps de ballet* are virtuous, well-conducted girls, and, consequently, that snug cottages are not taken for them in the Regent's Park.

"I also have to inform you that theatrical managers are in the habit of speaking good English, possibly better English than authors.

"You either know nothing of the subject in question, or you assert a wilful falsehood.

"I am happy to say that the characters of the *corps de ballet*, as also those of actors and actresses, are superior to the snarlings of dyspeptic libellers, or the spiteful attacks and *brutum fulmen* of ephemeral authors.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"The Editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE."

"A. B. C."

"Theatre Royal, Donnybrook.

"SIR,—I have just read, in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE for January, the first portion of a Tale written by you, and entitled *Lovel the Widower*.

"In the production in question you employ all your malicious spite (and you have great capabilities that way) in trying to degrade the character of the *corps de ballet*. When you imply that the majority of ballet-girls have villas taken for them in the Regent's Park, *I say you tell a deliberate falsehood*.

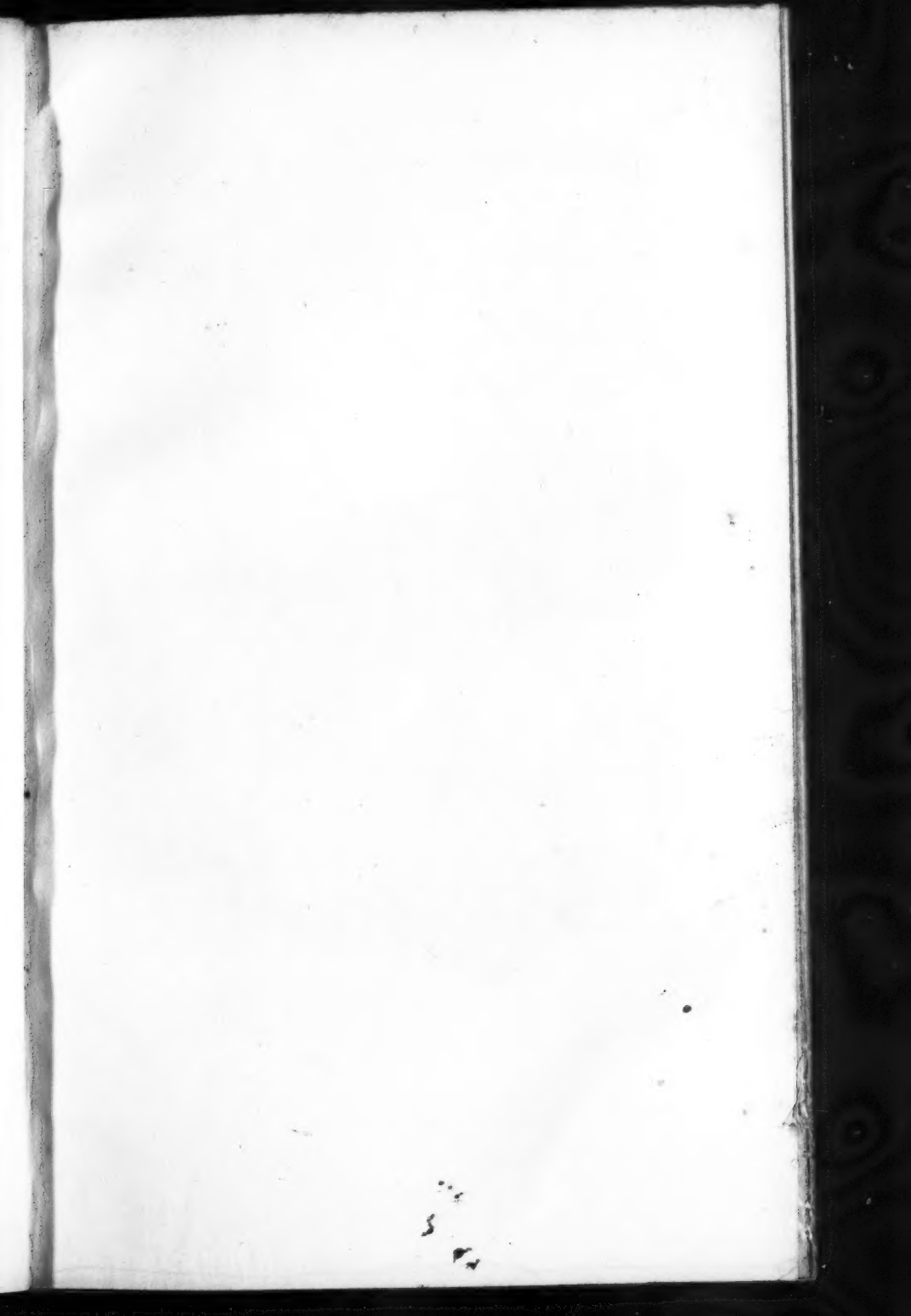
"Haveing been brought up to the stage from infancy, and, though now an actress, haveing been seven years principal dancer at the opera, I am competent to speak on the subject. I am only surprised that so vile a libeller as yourself should be allowed to preside at the Dramatic Fund dinner on the 22nd instant. I think it would be much better if you were to reform your own life, instead of telling lies of those who are immeasurably your superiors.

"Yours in supreme disgust,

"A. D."

The signatures of the respected writers are altered, and for the site of their Theatre Royal an adjacent place is named, which (as I may have been falsely informed) used to be famous for quarrels, thumps, and broken heads. But, I say, Is this an easy chair to sit on, when you are liable to have a pair of such shillelaghs flung at it? And prithee, what was all the quarrel about? In the little history of *Lovel the Widower* I described, and brought to condign punishment, a certain wretch of a ballet-dancer, who lived splendidly for awhile on ill-gotten gains, had an accident, and lost her beauty, and died poor, deserted, ugly, and every way odious. In the same page, other little ballet-dancers are described, wearing homely clothing, doing their duty, and carrying their humble savings to the family at home. But nothing will content my dear correspondents but to have me declare that the majority of ballet-dancers have villas in the Regent's Park, and to convict me of "deliberate falsehood." Suppose, for instance, I had chosen to introduce a red-haired washerwoman into a story? I might get an expostulatory letter saying, "Sir, In stating that the majority of washerwomen are red-haired, you are a liar! and you had best not speak of ladies who are immeasurably your superiors." Or suppose I had ventured to describe an illiterate haberdasher? One of the craft might write to me, "Sir, In describing haberdashers as illiterate, you utter a wilful falsehood. Haberdashers use much better English than authors." It is a mistake, to be sure. I have never said what my correspondents say I say. There is the text under their noses, but what if they choose to read it their own way. "Hurroo, lads! Here's for a fight. There's a bald head peeping out of the hut. There's a bald head! It must be Tim Malone's." And whack! come down both the bludgeons at once.

Ah me! we wound where we never intended to strike; we create anger where we never meant harm; and these thoughts are the Thorns in our Cushion. Out of mere malignity, I suppose, there is no man who would like to make enemies. But here, in this editorial business, you can't do otherwise: and a queer, sad, strange, bitter thought it is, that must cross the mind of many a public man: "Do what I will, be innocent or spiteful, be generous or cruel, there are A and B, and C and D, who will hate me to the end of the chapter—to the chapter's end—to the *Finis* of the page—when hate, and envy, and fortune, and disappointment shall be over."





THE CRAWLEY FAMILY

